PUBLISHED ON THE 22ND OF EACH MONTH.

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

A Canadian Sport—
"BOUNCING"

ACME.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 4. VOL. I.—FEBRUARY, 1899. 3d. NET.

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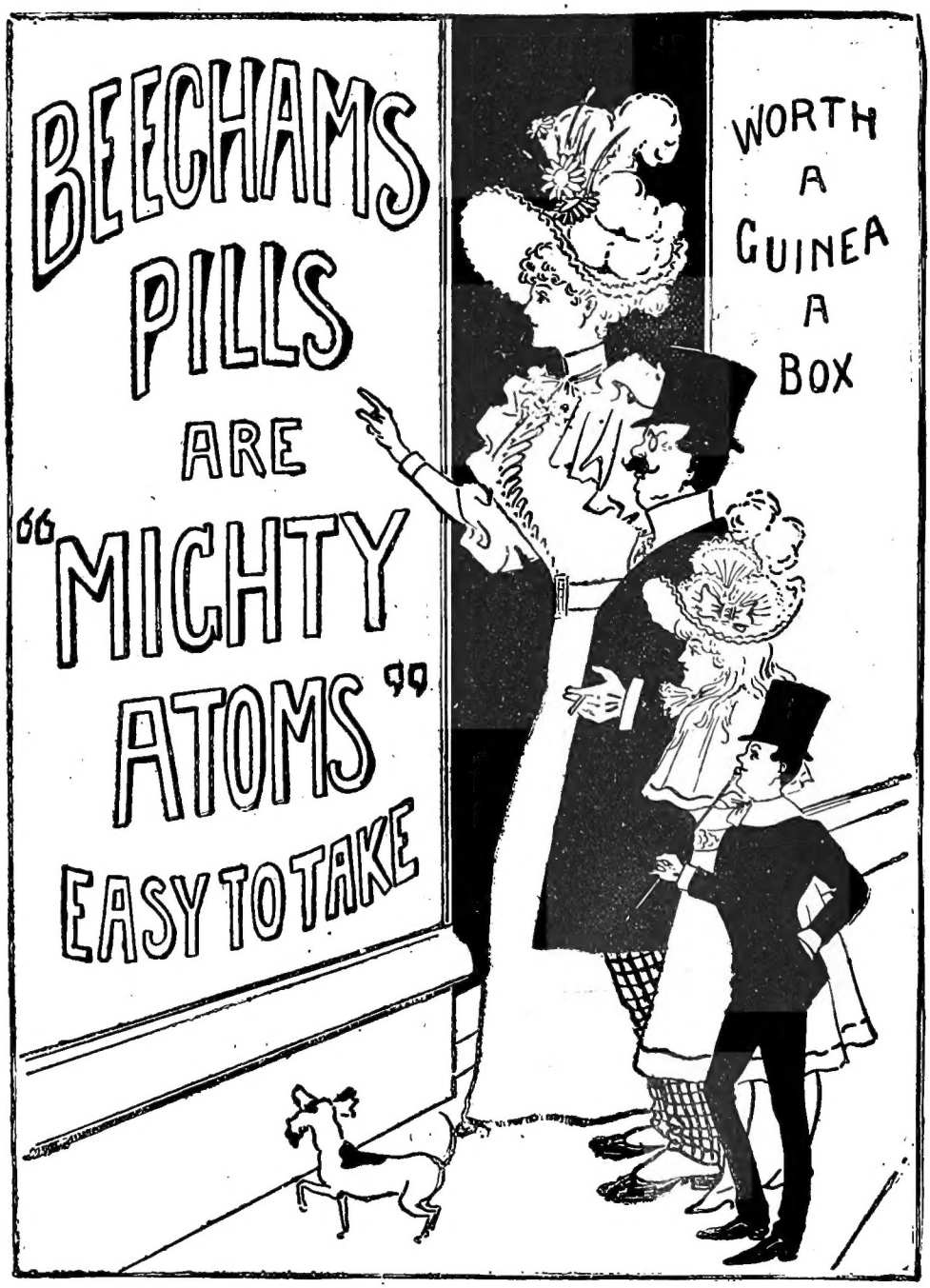

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'THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD.' —GENERAL GORDON.

DEPARTED ERRORS—*'Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.'*—LORD LYTTON.

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'THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.'

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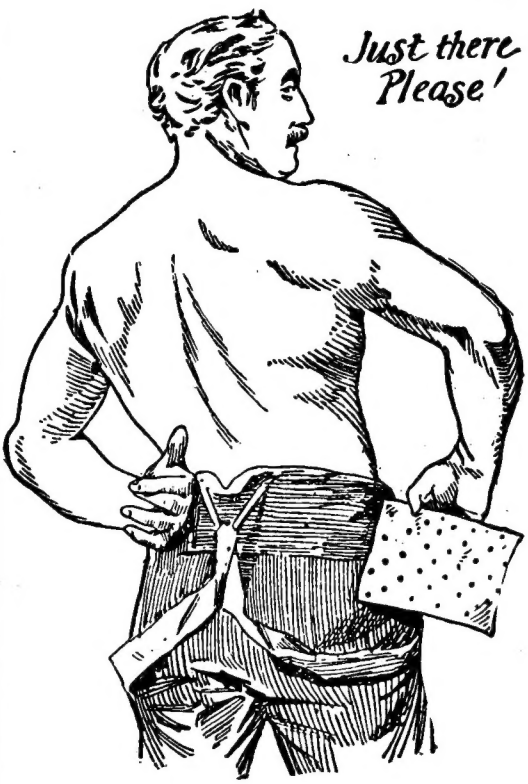

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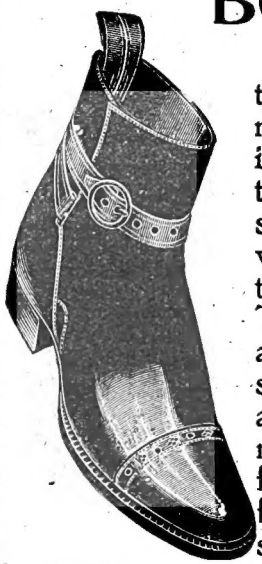

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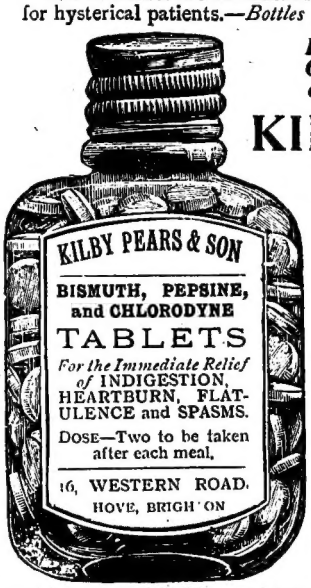
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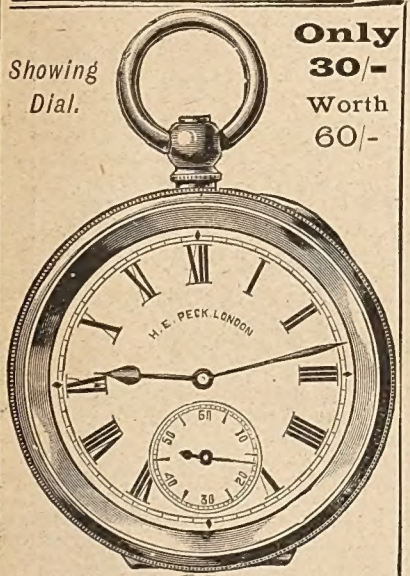

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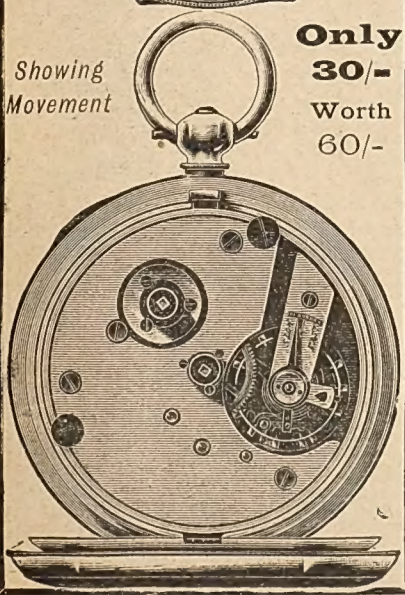

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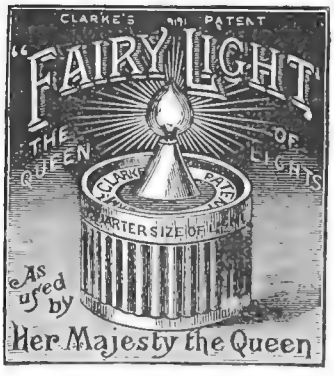

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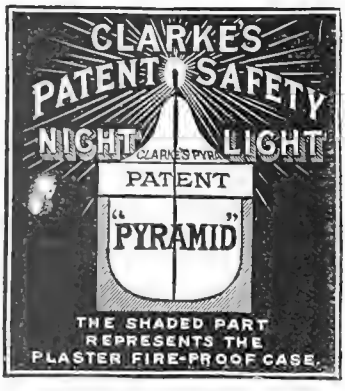

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Guaranteed hand-spun and hand-woven from pure wool only. The only perfect material for Cycling, Golfing, Shooting, and sport and country wear generally. Beautifully soft, light, and warm. Equally suitable for Ladies or Gentlemen. Prices from 21d. per yard. All goods carriage paid. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns free on application. Address DESK 9.

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Depot for Irish Peasant Industries,

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Here's a Snip!

Pure Tobacco all through!

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'GUINEA GOLD'
CIGARETTES
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FOOD FOR INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.
Delicious, Nutritive, and Digestible.

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"Sirs,—Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2/6 Tins of Benger's Food for H.I.M. the Empress of Russia, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff."

"Yours truly,
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MY DEAR MADAM!!
Do you call that Clean?
WHY DON'T YOU USE

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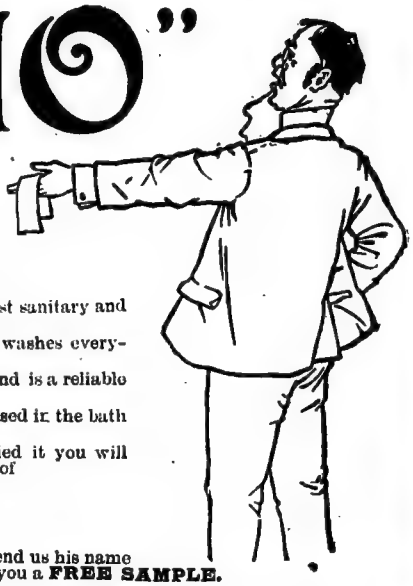

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Clothes washed with "VOLIO" are
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"VOLIO" is a new invention containing the highest sanitary and hygienic properties in a handy form.
Overcomes all dirt, destroys disease germs, and washes everything—Clothes, Paint, &c.
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In the sick-room it is especially invaluable, and used in the bath it is highly invigorating.
Order from your grocer, and once you have tried it you will discontinue the use of inferior soaps in favour of

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If your Grocer has not yet received his supply, send us his name and address, **enclosing stamp**, and we will send you a **FREE SAMPLE.**

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BEDSTEADS *of Every Description for Institution or Domestic Use.*

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Bedding, Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c., &c.
Latest Designs & Improvements
Large Stock. Quick Delivery.

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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the

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"This is an excellent Food admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

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A most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

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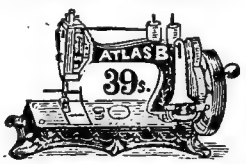

Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. MONTHLY. Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.**, 132E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. (Mention this Magazine).

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Sapphires and Diamond, or Rubies & Diamond, £1 12s. 6d.

Magnificent Cluster Ring, £5 5s.

And 18-ct. hall-marked, solid gold jewellery at

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Send for illustrated price list. You will find it

A PERFECT REVELATION.

SINGLE STONE DIAMOND RING 25/-

Full money refunded on all articles not approved of and sent back by return post.

ED. SANDERSON,

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THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT!!

SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless. Miss WHITLING writes (19/8/97): "Cannot say enough about their comfort." Mr. MASON writes (21/6/98): "*Got a pair three years ago, and have worn them every day since.*"

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe.	Prices—post free.		
Quality (colour Brown)—	Children's	Ladies'.	Gents'.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/-
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2d. per pair off 3 pairs at one order. *Post free in Great Britain, abroad extra. Single pairs or any quantity supplied.*

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Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

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New Book of Instructions, 1s. Complete Outfit, £1 1s. Glasses, Photographs, and all requisites supplied. Write for Price List and particulars of Alston's New Method.—A. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, BURNLEY.

Leathley's 10/6 Bargain Bundles

We are now making up a stupendous Parcel of materials, the price of which is **10/6 ONLY**, carriage paid. Each parcel contains at least one full Dress Length of reliable Fabric, suitable for Spring or Summer wear, with linings complete, also a length of charming Tweed suitable for Child's Dress or Lady's Blouse, also one length of Fancy Blouse Material, the whole lot quite new and clean. This marvellous parcel is honestly worth 17/6. Orders will be dispatched in rotation as received. Only a limited number are available. Early application is desirable to prevent disappointment. Orders should mention colour required for Dress Material.

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HELPS BODY, BRAIN & NERVE

For Fatigue of Mind & Body

For Sleeplessness & Depressed Vitality.

TONIC WINE

NATURE'S OWN

PICK-ME-UP.

HEALTH & STRENGTH SUSTAINED. A Foe to Fatigue.

SPECIAL ORDER FORM.

On receipt of this Coupon, accompanied by 6 stamps, the Proprietors agree to forward a Tasting Sample **BOTTLE TO EVERY APPLICANT,** providing it is ordered within one month. **THIS IS NOT A PATENT MEDICINE,** but a powerful **NERVE STIMULANT** for fatigue of mind and body, and possesses most wonderful recuperative properties. We ask you to take advantage of this offer, and to **TEST IT FOR YOURSELVES.**

Sole Address:

ARMBRECHT, NELSON & CO., *13 & 14, DUKE STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE,* **LONDON, W.**

Price of Full Size Bottle, post free, 4/-; or Half Size, 2/6.

An Overworked Liver.

What the Stomach cannot do for us when out of order, the Liver tries to set right. Within limits it can and does do this.

But if too much overworked, the Liver strikes, upsets its own functions, and we feel the Disorder in every painful way possible.

The usual Symptoms of sluggish or disordered Liver are Constipation, Coated Tongue, Biliousness, and Nausea, particularly on rising in the morning. Severe frontal Headache, pain between the Shoulders, and feelings of Faintness. The Appetite is poor, or altogether lost. The Temper is irritable, and there is often Palpitation, Sleeplessness, Weakness, with Nervousness and Low Spirits, verging on Melancholy.

Guy's Tonic has a stimulative power on a Sluggish Liver, and exerts a Tonic and corrective influence in all cases of Disordered Liver.

And while providing for benefit Guy's Tonic attains more lasting good by so strengthening and invigoratiug the stomach and its Digestive powers, that the Liver is relieved of overwork that is probably the cause of all the trouble.

We invite attention to the following letter received from Mr. J. H. Knight, of Albert Street, Wednesbury, Staffordshire:—

"Having suffered with severe Liver Complaint for the last three years, with Pains in the Back and Mental Depression, I have tried nearly everything without benefit, but after taking three doses of your Guy's Tonic, the Pains in the Back have entirely gone, and *I feel as I have not done before for several years.* I shall recommend Guy's Tonic wherever I go."

Guy's Tonic

A new size (Six Ounce) bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

There are many stylographic pens but ONLY ONE which gives entire satisfaction THE "CALTON," because it is simple and faultless. All who use it say it is a JEWEL. Have you tried one? We send it complete in box, with filler and directions, post paid 3/-

JEWEL," Fountain Pen, fitted with 16-ct. Gold Nib, Iridium Tipped, 5/-, Mounted and Chased, 7/6.

All Kinds Repaired.

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"REGINA" & "POLYPHON"

MUSICAL BOXES

are the Finest Instruments made. Play over 1,000 Tunes. Popular everywhere.

SPECIAL LINES

Polyphons, with 6 Tunes.

Infanta	32/-	ex. Tunes, 5d.
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THE "EGERTON" PERMANENT DYE.

IMPERIAL DRESS FABRICS

Comprising a vast variety of shades and prices in beautiful and fashionable Weavings.

LADIES' **Plain Tailor-made Skirts, from 10/-**
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GENTLEMEN'S **and Boys' Suits made to measure from Serges, Homespuns, Tropical Tweeds, &c.**

NEW PATTERNS, *with Self-measurement Forms and Price Lists, post free.*

Any Length Sold. Carriage Paid on orders of **20/-** and above to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom. Special Rates for Foreign Parts. Goods packed for Exportation. **No Agents.**

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From the oldest Cyclist in the House of Commons.—"During my 18 years' experience I have never been astride a more free and easy wheel than the A.B. It is the best hill-climber I have ever ridden; nothing has ever gone wrong. It is an excellent machine, swift, light, and reliable."—JAMES O'CONNOR, M.P.

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"The firm are thoroughly straightforward."—*Cycling*, August 6th, 1898.
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WHAT TO DO.

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Write out the above line on a sheet of any sized paper adding one word only, such as Admirably, Splendidly, Wonderfully, &c. The sender of the word we think best describes our cycles will receive a Free Bicycle. Enclose loose stamp for Result.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

We ask you to buy nothing, to subscribe nothing, before allowing you to participate in the Prizes. You pay nothing to enter, and even if you receive one of our regret notices—and we make no secret of the fact that hundreds are unsuccessful—you are only out of pocket for the cost of two penny stamps, which the Post Office gets the benefit of.

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A FEW FREE CYCLE WINNERS, each of whom has signed a Solemn Declaration that he or she is in no way connected, either directly or indirectly, with this Firm: Mr. Geo. A. Haynes, 9, Windsor Street, Barrow-in-Furness; Miss Mary Page-Henderson, 8, Lexham Gardens, Kensington, W.; Mr. A. Merrilees, Harvay, Orkney; Mr. Arthur J. Woolnough, 29, Thomson Street, Govan, Glasgow; Mrs. Maria Fraser, Haglefort, Shinrone, Ireland; Mr. Robert Hughes, Llanidan, Anglesey, North Wales; Mr. L. Horne, 101, London Road, Oldham; Mrs. Flora H. Bungay, 170, Railton Road, Herne Hill, S.E.; Mr. R. R. Reed, Crawfordsburn Inn, Crawfordsburn, Nr. Belfast, Ireland; Mr. H. Janes, Booking Clerk (L. C. & D. Ry.), Whitstable-on-Sea, Kent; Mrs. R. M. Blazey, "The Ferns," Wymondham, Norfolk; Miss Florence V. Hunnybun, Holton Rectory, Colchester; and dozens of others.

SECOND CLASS (9 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £9.
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CONSOLATION (25 Prizes) £23 Cycle for £14.

☞ **TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.** COMPETITION IS NOW OPEN, and **CLOSES WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15th, 1899.** Results will be declared as soon as possible, although it may be a fortnight afterwards before all replies are posted.

Winners of Prizes must clear them within a week or ten days, otherwise machines unclaimed will be passed on to the next in rotation. Enclose loose stamp for postage of Result of Competition. As so few are able to call and inspect the machines, **WE GUARANTEE TO REFUND THE FULL AMOUNT** paid for a Second, Third Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, or for one of our Consolation Prizes, **IF THE OWNER IS NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED** with it on arrival. We cannot give any money or other Prizes in lieu of cycles, and consequently cannot enter into any discussion relating thereto. One solution only allowed to each competitor. Disregard of this regulation renders any Prize liable to forfeiture.

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We offer this Reward to any lady or gentleman able to prove that we have ever in the whole course of our existence sold our cheapest machine under £15 cash, either to any ordinary customer, agent, dealer or shipper. It is impossible for any English firm to sell a machine of the highest grade under £15; the material alone costs from £9 to £10, and A.B. Tyres cost an additional £3 or £4.

Mark Letters "ROYAL," on top corner of Envelope, and address to the Managing Director,

A.B. CYCLE Co., LTD., 59 & 60, CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.

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Price **30**/- *Post Free.*

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS.

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A really handsome and highly finished Watch, with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and guaranteed for five years. Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size beautifully engraved in new style.

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ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

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But do you clean your BRASS and METAL WORK with

NEEDHAM'S METAL POLISHING PASTE

There's nothing like it for quick, clean work. **No Acid in it.**

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MANHU Regd.

Made from **MANHU** FLOUR, a happy medium between the impoverished white flour which is robbed of its best nutriment, and the now common Germ flour which is overloaded with offals from the white flour. No mixture can possibly be as useful as that of the constituents in wheat made by Nature. **MANHU** FLOUR is Nature's combination of all these constituents, and bread made from it is in reality the "staff of life."

It is a Whole Wheat Flour of superior quality, and makes the healthiest, quickest and largest quantity of Bread, with the least trouble, of any flour in use.

MADE BY ALL GOOD BAKERS FROM "MANHU" FLOUR.

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is unequalled as a remedy for
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Large Pots, 1/1½ each, at Chemists, or post free for value.

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A New Occupation and AMUSEMENT.
HARBUTT'S MARVELLOUS MODELLING MATERIAL.

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ALWAYS CLEAN AND PLASTIC WITHOUT WATER.
Perfect DELIGHT of Children
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Hundreds of Testimonials.
Artistic, Constructive, Inventive, and Most Fascinating.

A Packet Post Free 1/2; or, with *Boxwood Modelling Tool*, 1/7.
"The Complete Modeller," a box fitted with Plasticine, in four colours, full instructions and all requisites, 2/10 post free.
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ALWAYS NEAT & TIDY.
Martin-Silent Tool Bag, made in one piece of leather. No stitching. The centre strap only has to be buckled to fasten the bag. This strap also automatically fixes the bag tightly against the saddle. The 1899 pattern is greatly improved in substance and quality.

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Our Saddles are the careful production of practical experiments resulting from experience in hard and long distance riding. The fittings are of the finest quality Steel covered with Leather. Made in Light, Medium and Heavy Roadsters and Racing Patterns.

We guarantee Saddles and Bags for Two Years.

Retailed at all Cycle Depots, and fitted to machines, if so specified, without extra cost.

MADE IN SUPERIOR QUALITY ONLY.
Martin-Silent Pump Carriers, 6d. pair. Cannot possibly scratch the enamel.

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MARTINS BIRMINGHAM LTD.

OPEN SEAT. No. 105.

TABLE DAINTIES *APPETISING! NUTRITIOUS!*

SPRINGFIELD HOME POTTED MEATS AND SARDINE PASTE

For TEA—For LUNCH—Makes Excellent SANDWICHES.

These delicious meats (12 varieties) are now in great demand, and the public are cautioned against inferior makes. **Be sure** your Grocer supplies "Springfield" brand. **FREE SAMPLE**—if any difficulty in obtaining, mention name of your grocer and send 3d., stamps, to cover postage of Samples.

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Artistic, Hygienic, can be redressed in any style, fit guaranteed, finest workmanship detection impossible. £4 4s.

of natural curly and wavy Hair for Cycling, Dancing, Hot Climates, or Sea Voyage, 10/-, with long hair at back, 15/-.

of pure long human Hair, extra fine quality, 20 in. 5/6, 22 in. 7/6, 24 in. 10/6, 26 in. 12/6. Catalogue Illustrated with Instructions in Hairdressing post free

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Satisfying. Strengthening. Soothing for Infants Agreeable. Digestible. Nourishing

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TOOTHACHE & NEURALGIA CURE.

In Bottles, 1/1½, all Chemists, or post free from Maker,

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LADIES Should Stuff their own Cushions, Pillows, &c., with

"SWANEE" DOWN

ABSOLUTELY CLEAN! LIGHT! LUXURIOUS!

Even Lighter than Feathers, and Softer than Silk. It never becomes lumpy and heavy, and is much preferable for Lining Quilting, Cushions, Tea Cosies, &c. Equal to Eiderdown. In bags of 5lb., 10lb., and 20lb. Price 9d. per lb. Sample bags of 3lb. post free for 2/6.

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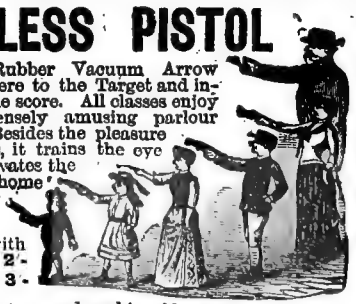
HARMLESS PISTOL

With India Rubber Vacuum Arrow which will adhere to the Target and indicate the score. All classes enjoy this intensely amusing parlour game. Besides the pleasure it affords, it trains the eye and cultivates the judgment. No home is complete without it.



Bronze pistol with arrow & target 2/-
Nickel do. do. 3/-

Postage and packing 6d. extra. PATENT.

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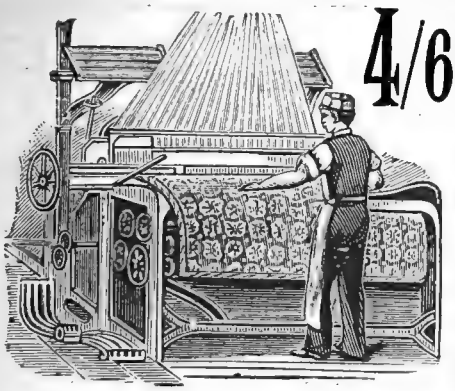

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☞ **To readers of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE (1/2/99). On receipt of Postal Order or stamps value** (Regd.) we will send you THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS FINISH, with RUG, ever sold at the price, direct from the looms to any address, on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as advertisement for my goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember, these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to Wool.

Thousands of these carpets have been already sold at double these prices

SPECIAL OFFER.—2 Carpets and 2 Rugs, 8s.

(CUT THIS OUT.)

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, &c., Post Free.

PRODIGIOUS SALE OF THE "PRUDENTIAL"

TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS

(Regd.)

Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

Size.		Price.	Size.		Price.
6ft. by 9ft.	each	4s. 9d.	10½ft. by 12ft.	each	11s. 6d.
7½ft. by 9ft.	„	5s. 11d.	12ft. by 12ft.	„	12s. 9d.
9ft. by 9ft.	„	7s. 6d.	12ft. by 13½ft.	„	14s. 6d.
9ft. by 10½ft.	„	8s. 6d.	12ft. by 15ft.	„	15s. 9d.
9ft. by 12ft.	„	9s. 6d.	12ft. by 18ft.	„	19s. 6d.
9ft. by 15ft.	„	12s. 6d.	12ft. by 21ft.	„	22s. 6d.

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible Hearthrug (Regd.) to match, sent for 1s. 6d. extra, size 2yd. by 1yd.

Sale Price

3/6

each, postage **6d.** *extra. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—*

At an Enormous Reduction to Clear Out.

Mrs. STONES writes: 47, North Street, Cheetham.—I am delighted with the Wadded Quilts received this morning. I will recommend them to my friends.

A STOCK OF 10,000 PATENT WADDED QUILTS, TORALIUMS, OR BED COVERS. REVERSIBLE

(AS ILLUSTRATION).

Covered with Oriental Soft Sateen and on reverse side another beautiful floral design. Size, 56 in. by 60 in. These Quilts are offered below anything in the Wholesale Trade, and cause the greatest consternation to the buyer, wondering how they can be produced for the money.

SPECIAL OFFER:

3 Quilts for 10/-; or 6 for 19/6; or 12 for 38/-

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LEWIS'S WONDERFUL VELVETEEN

AT **2/-** A YARD.

In Dainty and Fashionable Tints.

Can only be obtained direct from **Lewis's**, in Market Street, **Manchester**, who will forward a large Box of PATTERNS POST FREE on application. FAST PILE, FAST DYED, EVERY INCH GUARANTEED. If a dress should wear badly or be in any respect faulty, Lewis's will Give a New Dress for Nothing at all, and pay the full cost of making and trimming.

LEWIS'S Pay Carriage on all Orders to any part of Great Britain and Ireland.

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LEWIS'S In Market Street, **MANCHESTER.**

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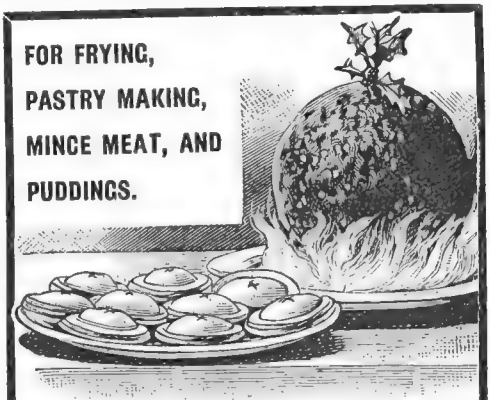

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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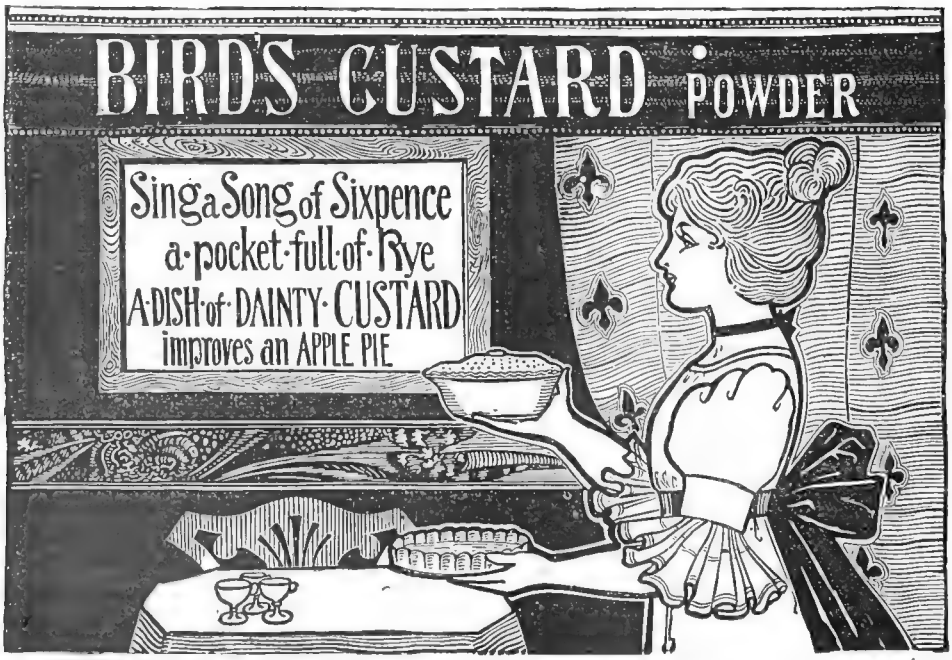

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THERE CAME A SHOT WHICH WROUGHT HAVOC IN THE FORWARD BARBETTE.

(See page 294)

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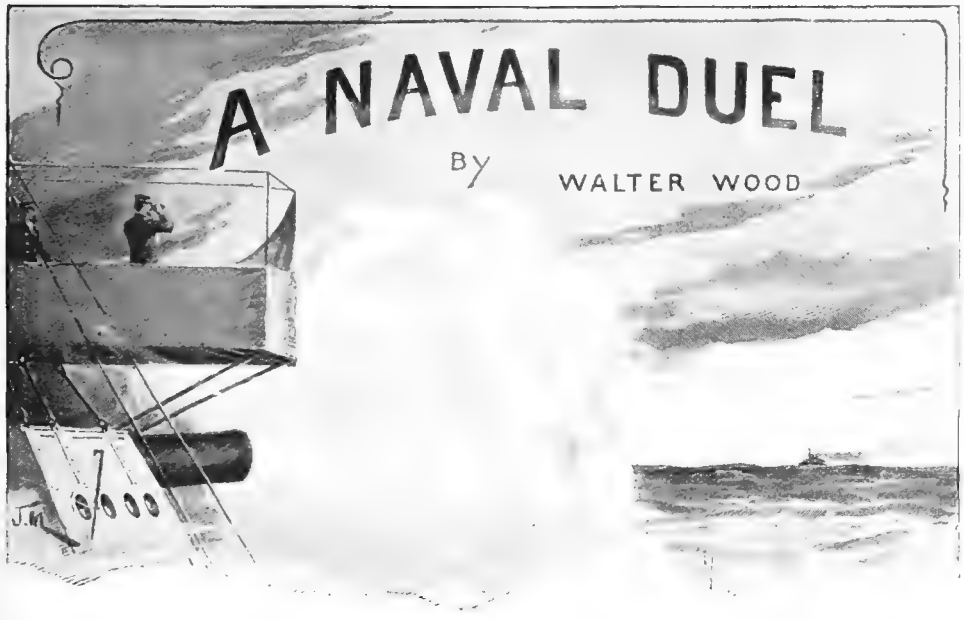

THE awful strain upon the public mind was snapped at last, and snapped—as most people feared it would, and prayed it might not be—by the declaration of war. It was a case of which of the belligerents—England or her foe—could strike first and hardest, and the battle spirit of the English people, roused at last to its highest pitch, animated every man and woman. The lesson had been long preached that it was, through God, upon its fleet that the strength and safety of the nation depended, and now that the hour of danger had come the country had learned its lesson well. It had spent with lavish hand upon its Navy, and entered with unfaltering heart upon the contest for the supremacy of the seas. Two powerful nations were combined against it, but its courage never wavered; all croaking was at rest, and the meanest Little Englander believed that in the end the British ships would triumph. But all the same, the country waited with intense anxiety to learn the issue of the first encounter on the seas, not knowing whether that meeting would be a fleet or single ship action.

One dark and stormy night the first-class battleship *Revenge* left Portsmouth to overtake the Special Flying Squadron, which had sailed that afternoon. In ordinary circumstances the battleship would have been detained until the gale went down, but war took precedence of the elements, and she steamed towards the Biscay through the great green waves as a fish carrier roars down the North Sea in bad weather to catch the London markets. The spray went in clouds over her fighting-tops and funnels, and her huge bulk forward fell into the hollows with the sound of thunder. She was driven through that black night, with a sublime trust in Providence, for she showed no lights, and did not know when she might run into or be collided with by some great ship as reckless, because of circumstances, as she was.

When the morning came it showed a cold, sullen sea, but brought no sign of sail or steamer. The most seasoned tramp, knowing that war was abroad, was hugging a friendly harbour, and the Channel and the Biscay were deserted.

As night fell again a great bulk was dimly seen ahead of the *Revenge*, and the sharpest eyes and best glasses on board were brought to bear to see what could be made of it.

Captain Rendell and Commander Robb gazed long and closely at the shape, and at last the captain lowered his glass and asked what the commander made of it.

"I thought at first that she was the flagship of the squadron," he replied.

"And what now?" asked the Captain.

"Well, it seems to me that she's more like one of the enemy."

"You're right," said Rendell quietly; "she's the *Czar*, and gun for gun, ton for ton, and man for man, there couldn't be a

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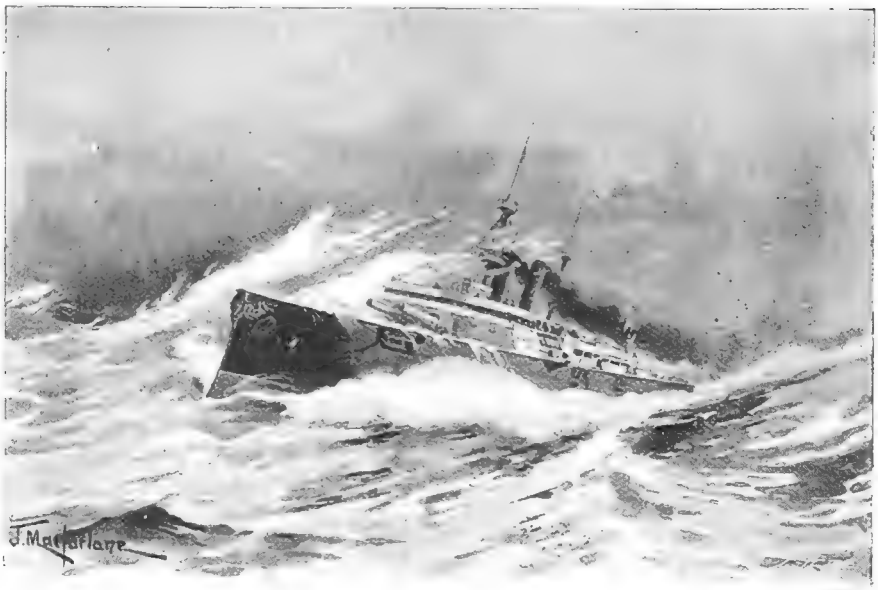

The spray went in clouds over the fighting tops and funnels.

fairer match on the seas. It is to be our honour to open this historic ball."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"Fight her. By this time in the morning either the *Revenge* or the *Czar* will have been beaten."

"Please God, it won't be us," said Robb, with the faith of a good sailor in his ship and Captain.

"I hope not," said the Captain gravely. "I think not; but a sea-fight isn't what it used to be. There's more of luck in it, and till it's done you can't tell what's going to happen."

"I think the odds are a long way with us," Robb said stoutly. "Personally I should be disposed to give the Russian a bit more advantage."

"She can go a shade of a knot faster, and carries a few more men," said Rendell. "She's welcome to the pull. It's according to the traditions of our Navy that she should have it."

"She's not going to heel it—she's slowing down," said the Commander.

"Then there's no time to lose," remarked the Captain.

An hour later the *Revenge* was within range of the *Czar*, cleared for action, and her surgeons below were waiting for their work to be brought for them to deal with.

The *Revenge* had steamed down with the hearts of her whole company inspired with hope for the issue of the coming fight. The Captain, when he knew that his opponent was prepared for battle, had harangued his people and reminded them of what their predecessors had done. He had told them, as he had often told them previously, of what the "one and the fifty-three" did off the Azores three centuries before; how Granville, in his mastless, riddled hulk, filled with sick and slaughtered men, suffering himself from mortal hurts, had refused to yield; and had reminded them of the dates above their own quarter-deck, from 1588 to 1840, telling of fights in which *Revenges* of the past had borne themselves so well.

His courage inspired them, and with a great cheer they went to quarters, and the Captain took his station in the conning tower, and tried to realise the magnitude of the task that lay before him. In his keeping was a gigantic vessel, which, as she stood, represented not much short of a million sterling; but at a crisis like this her va'ue was not to be reckoned in mere money. If she were lost she could, so far as the nation's wealth went, be replaced without so much as the poorest of the taxpayers feeling pinched; but the gap her absence would make in her country's defences might afford an opening for an almost national calamity. As a fighting unit, she was beyond price; and as for the officers and men—the Captain sighed as he thought of their vigorous health and

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strength, and of how many would before long be less useful than the metal about them. That, however much torn and twisted, could be employed again, while as for them—"but," he thought, checking himself, "their names and spirits live, and, please God, go marching on. Nelson, Grenville, and the rest are just as much alive to-day as they ever were."

The opening of the battle was announced by the solemn boom of one of the forward pair of 67-ton guns of the *Revenge*, and the great white cloud of powder smoke. The shot rang forth at eventide, and the Captain, with nerves strained to their utmost tension, watched for its effect.

The gun had been truly aimed, and the shot struck the *Czar* amidships, and made a ragged hole in her armour. There was a shout of joy from the *Revenge*. The undefinable fear that comes before a battle had gone, and officers and men were settling down, as they might have done to a game, but more zealously, to that duel to the death upon the waters of the Biscay.

The Russian was slow in answering, for her crew was not in that complete readiness for conflict which the Captain of the *Revenge* had long insisted upon in time of peace. Never had he neglected to enforce the lesson that it was imperative at all times to be ready for the fray, and he was reaping even so soon the reward of his foresight and labour. In the struggle before him success was likely to be as much to the swift as the strong, and before the *Czar* was well in action the *Revenge* was steaming end on to her broadside, and sending the heavy shot from her forward barbette. Before the *Czar* could answer with effect, she had been lying for some minutes at the mercy of the *Revenge*, and the merciless guns of the British battleship had pierced and jagged her armour, and carried away much of her superstructure.

To Rendall and Robb, and every other officer and man on board the *Revenge*, the savage opening was an earnest of what the end would be. No enemy could live for long when held by such a fire, and it almost seemed as if the Russian was so paralysed that she would haul down her flag without replying at all. But, bruised and battered, with the dead lying in clusters about her decks, and the cries of the wounded rising from the depths to which they had been hurried, she seemed to shake herself free from her lethargy and surprise, and then set to work to grapple with her strong, relentless foe.

At first wildly, but afterwards with steadier aim, she got her heavy guns to bear. At the outset the shot screamed past or over the *Revenge*, but Rendell manœuvred her so skilfully that he still kept her end on, and showed

As she roared past, the "Revenge" fired a torpedo.

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the least target to the *Czar*. As the clear night closed in the enemy had better fortune, and there came a shot which wrought such havoc in the forward barbette of the *Revenge* that from that moment the pair of guns was useless.

"It's a good thing we had the first look in," the Captain muttered, as he saw the nature of the calamity; then he went full speed astern. By this time the *Czar* was coming bows on, firing from her forward barbette upon the *Revenge*, which for the time was powerless to answer.

Rendell hesitated to show either his vessel's broadside or stern, but suddenly he brought her round, and the after pair of guns were trained upon the *Czar*, with express orders that they should try and cripple the heavy weapons which had done them so much mischief, and swiftly.

For a long time the issue was doubtful. Repeatedly the Russian tried to get ahead and keep the *Revenge* at her mercy; but Rendell was too quick and skilful; and more than once enabled the after guns to be fired with murderous effect. The gunnery of the *Revenge* was so far better than the *Czar's* that with his pair of heavy guns Rendell did as much material mischief as the Russian's four; while, although he did not know it, the number of the latter's killed and wounded was much greater than his own.

As the night grew the moon rose, and the combatants, seeing each other more clearly, fought the better and the harder. All fear had left the crews of both; no other spirit remained but the lust of conquest, and no thought of surrender entered the minds of the opposing captains. As yet the two were unhurt, and each from his armoured refuge directed the fight as he might have controlled a game of peace. To the Russian it was more a case of victory for victory's sake; to Rendell it was not a matter of his private glory, but of how best he could use and save his country's ship, and men, and correspondingly damage his opponent.

Upon the stillness of the night the boom of the ordnance and the sharper sound of lighter weapons rose incessantly; and without a break there came from side and deck of each colossal battleship the swift red glare of the exploded powder. It was a contest between steel-clad giants of the ocean, so well matched in power that not till each was torn and rent in hull and upperworks, and there was a mutual pause, could either Captain even wonder with whom the advantage lay.

There was light enough for Rendell to see how the *Revenge* had fared, and to estimate his loss in men. He knew that his ship had suffered heavily, and that her crew must have had a heavy drain upon it. Above deck she showed how terrible the Russian's fire had proved, but Rendell was encouraged when he recollected that as his own fire had been truer, so it must have been more destructive, and that bad as his own case was, that of his opponent must be worse.

Above the silence there rose a sound, which, brave as he was, appalled him—the sound which came from below, where the surgeons had been long and busily at work. Another sound—and he was thankful for it—distracted his attention—the deep bay of a bloodhound, his own most cherished pet. Before the ship went into action he had given orders that the dog should be locked in his cabin, but he had escaped, and was on deck, baying in his deep voice, partly for his master and partly at the unknown terror which surrounded him.

Rendell opened the door of the conning-tower, and whistled. The dog "Riv"—a playful contraction of the name of the ship, which had been bestowed upon him—came leaping forward, and hurried joyfully into the retreat.

"I've no time to bother with you," said the Captain, giving the grateful animal a pat on the head. "Lie there, and don't move till I bid you."

"Riv" lay down at the spot pointed out to him, at the Captain's feet; and until the end came made no sound, except a low moan at times.

It was the *Revenge* which resumed the fight. As yet neither Rendell nor the Russian had tried to ram or use the torpedo; but now the *Revenge* bore down, full speed ahead, towards the *Czar*.

The Russian, believing that his enemy's purpose was to crash into his broadside, got bows on and brought his forward guns to bear again. When he was within five hundred yards, with the shot flying fast but wild above him, Rendell put his helm down, and, as she roared past, the *Revenge* fired a torpedo which struck the Russian under the starboard bow.

As the *Revenge* went past, an awful, pitiless distributor of death and evil, there was a loud cry of terror from the *Czar*, and Rendell knew that the wicked missile had, to some extent at any rate, achieved its mission. Before the cry had gone, the after guns of the *Revenge* again sent forth their shot, and

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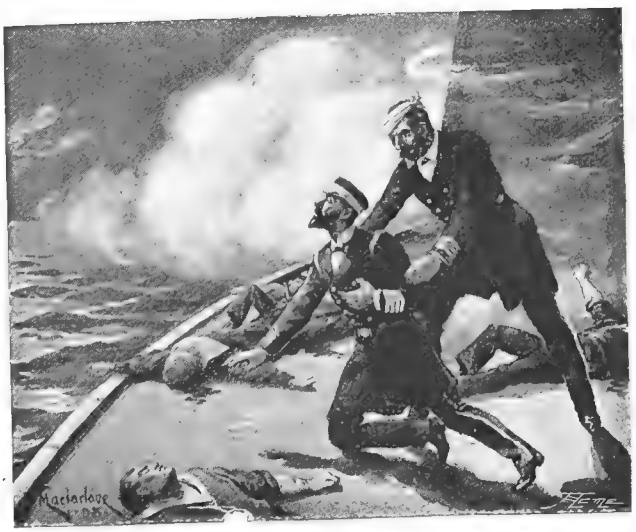
completed the havoc for which the torpedo had made such an easy opening.

With clenched teeth, and not without an overwhelming pity springing up within him, Rendell brought the *Revenge's* head round again, and prepared to finish with a ram the work which the torpedo and the after-guns had so well started. But he saw how badly crippled the *Czar* was, and stayed his hand, hoping that she would strike.

He forged slowly astern, but the enemy, stubborn and fatalistic, gave no sign of yielding or of further fight. Feeling that she must be sinking, and refusing to run the risk of entangling the *Revenge* with her, Rendell continued to lay off; but as still no sign of submission was made he ordered that the guns should resume their work.

And so the weapons roared again, and two or three spiritless replies were sent from the opposing battleship. She was still being fought bravely but feebly, and again her firing ceased. Rendell also stopped, shrinking from a cold-blooded cannonade of a death-struck foe.



Rendell fell to th deck with a bullet near his heart.

With an intense longing he looked to see if even yet the *Czar* had struck. So that he might see the better he stepped outside the conning-tower, believing that for a moment or two he could do so safely. He saw Robb forward, and made a sign for him to come and join him. Robb had been struck by a splinter on the temple, but he had bound his own injury up by tying his handkerchief round his face. Meanwhile the *Czar* had been stopped, and the engines of the *Revenge*, too, were given a rest.

"Riv" cast longing eyes at his master, but received no permission to join him, and so he crouched in his place within the little tower.

Rendell looked about his battered, bloody ship; and saw horrors that were intensified by the moonlight. The *Revenge* rose and fell slowly on the swell, helplessly for the moment, like some colossal creature that was spent in fight, and was resting until it could renew the struggle. She was an almost crippled mass; but had much of capability for battle still within her armoured sides. Her upper works were wrecked, her fighting-tops had gone, and one of her funnels had been shot through and through till it was useless, and the other tottered in its stays. The forward barbette, in which the guns had long been silenced, was a ruined mass of steel, and the gunners were lying in clusters around the great tubes of death that they had served so well. They, like their weapons, had fired their farewell shots.

The Captain took all in, and knew that the *Revenge* was badly mauled; but her hull was still comparatively sound, and her engines were serviceable. With fair or even moderate weather she could make Portsmouth safely, whilst he knew that the *Czar* was so severely crippled that she could not do more than float an hour or two.

"She must surrender or sink," he said to Robb; and the Commander, looking proudly from his bandaged face, said that it was so.

"She surely can't show any more fight," continued Rendell. "I for one thank God that I have come through the awful business unhurt."

He had scarcely spoken, when from the remaining fighting top of their opponent came a discharge of musketry which rattled on the deck about him.

Two grimy midshipmen, who were looking at the *Czar*, and laughing because the end had come, were killed as they laughed; and Rendell fell to the deck with a bullet near his heart. As he tottered "Riv" sprang from the conning-tower, crouched near him, and bayed in angry grief.

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Before the sound of the discharge had passed away, the guns of the *Revenge* were booming again, still by her Captain's orders. They were fired point blank, and their missiles rained remorselessly upon the *Czar's* ripped sides. Powerless to answer, she had to bear the cannonade until the gunners of the *Revenge* paused, so that their superior officers might see what the Russian's silence meant.

"I don't think that musketry fire was intentional," said Robb, bending by his Captain. "I fancy it was done without orders. Are you badly hurt? Shall I send for one of the surgeons?"

"They can do nothing—let them stay below," the Captain answered. "It will soon be over with me. I'm sorry for those poor lads. The Navy has lost promising officers in both. They were very tiger's cubs. How goes it with the *Czar*? Does she strike?"

"Not yet, but she can't hold on long," responded the Commander. "Her starboard side is nearly battered in. It seems to me she's sinking fast."

"What brave fellows they are!" exclaimed Rendell, with the admiration of one true fighter for another. "How deathly still it is! What a calm after the storm! Not so much of it, old 'Riv.' Don't be too lavish with your tongue. Good dog—lie down." He patted the affectionate beast, and with his feeble strength pulled one of the great ears. "Riv" lay quiet, but watchful, wondering what it all meant.

"It is a strange silence," murmured the Commander, too much awed to raise his voice.

The noise of battle had departed, and the shot-torn ships rode placidly upon the swell. The full moon, well above the horizon, shone with clear and peaceful light, and made what looked like a silver river in the sea. On that bright stream the *Czar* rode, as silently as the *Revenge* herself. To Rendell's clouding mind she seemed a phantom, and he looked upon her fixedly as he raised his eyes.

There was a sound as of thunder as the boilers burst.

"There's possibly some fight left in her yet," said Robb, following his Captain's eyes.

"And in us, too," said Rendell earnestly. He tried to raise himself, but his head fell back. "Robb," he added, "I'm no more good. Remember Grenville, and the fight 300 years ago. No surrender. Do you, whatever comes, refuse to yield, and if you must, go down with colours flying. You hear?"

"I shall do it," answered the Commander simply.

"We cannot give the ship away," continued Rendell. He was speaking in a hoarse whisper now, and with difficulty.

Robb made no answer in words, but he pressed the hand that lay within his own, and the Captain understood.

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"It seems a hard thing to ask of you," said Rendell after a pause. "But you know the country has the first claim on your life, and that of every man on board."

"If we are to die, we will do so altogether," answered Robb.

There was silence again, and Rendell raised his head, and turned it towards the *Czar*. His dog regarded him with wondering eyes.

"What is that?" demanded Rendell, for a strange warning cry had suddenly arisen from some of the *Revenge's* crew.

The Commander sprang to his feet, and stared as if transfixed at their opponent.

There was another cry, but not from the *Revenge* this time. It came from the *Czar*—a long, loud wail of terror.

The Commander went upon his knees again, and raised his Captain's head. "See," he whispered, in horror. "She's going over!"

The *Czar* was turning slowly towards them. In the clear strong light they saw the men rush to the side, and cast themselves into the sea; and, meanwhile, the shouts of frenzy rose in the still air.

It was an appalling spectacle. The upper works of the battleship rolled towards them, and the funnels sank until they were level with the surface of the sea. Then they disappeared; the ship went round until her keel was uppermost; she took a plunge by the head; and, at last, went down, her screws revolving furiously in space. She gave a last plunge; the propellors ceased their revolutions; there was a sound like thunder as the boilers burst; a column of water rose, white and high; then fell, and joined the tumult of the waves. Before many seconds had passed the *Czar* had disappeared, and only a few of her company were struggling in the sea, swimming towards the *Revenge*, and, fatalists no longer, screaming to be saved.

"My God!" exclaimed the Commander, putting for a moment his hand across his eyes to shut the fearful vision out.

"But," said the Captain with his fleeting voice, "it is a great victory. Robb," he added rapidly, "get every soul on board you can, and then make straight for home. It has been a good fight, and I have tried to do my duty like an Englishman. Remember, get them all on board if you can."

He fell back, and spoke no more; but there was in death a smile of happiness upon his face. "Riv," wondering no longer, stood by the still form, and bayed his sorrow until they came and coaxed him into the dismantled cabin.

The dawn was breaking as the Commander rose to his feet, and, in a loud voice, gave orders for the work of rescue to begin. He was in the midst of all the ghastly tokens of a great and crushing fight at sea, but his heart beat cheerfully within him, for the first fruits of triumph were with him and his people.

Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

Baby Robins.

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA.

By Roderick Grey.

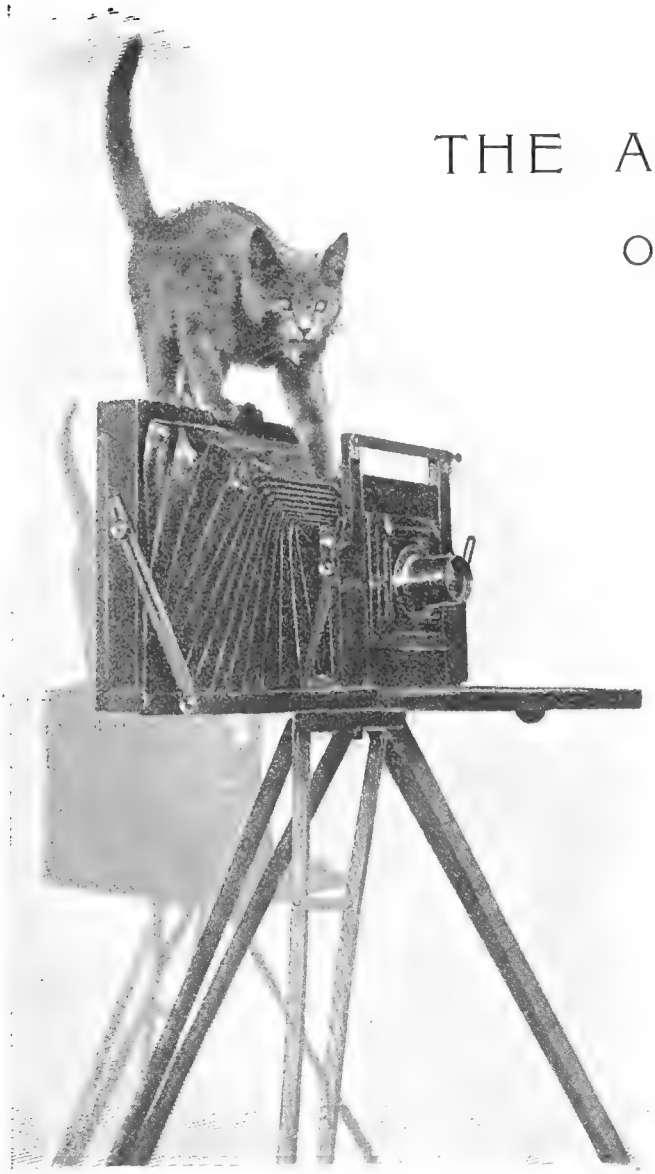

Photo by W. Bunnett.

Moving Photographs.

Years ago, an exceedingly popular toy was the Zoetrope (I doubt not there may have been others of a similar sort with other names), which consisted of a cardboard cylinder on a vertical axis. By means of a slip of paper on which figures were printed, each one in a different position to its predecessor, the impression of the figures being in motion, was conveyed to the mind, when the rotating slip was peeped at through a hole.

Scientists appreciating the possibilities of this toy, went one better. A Frenchman named Marey obtained photographs of birds by the use of cameras, the shutters of which were operated by the wings of the birds as they flew across the room. Dr. Muybridge, of Philadelphia, further developed this idea until Messrs. Edison and Dixon jointly produced the vitascope. This was succeeded by the cinematograph and the animatograph, and lastly by the mutagraph, the mutascope, and the biograph, these last three being the invention of Herman Casler.

The biograph has apparently now become a permanency at one of our very largest music-halls, and the enterprise of the management and the skill of the operator of the machine have been evidenced on more than one occasion by exhibiting in the evening pictures of events which took place during the same day. Such pictures, of course, are apt to betray the haste in which they have been produced, but busy brains will doubtless before long overcome the thousand and one difficulties with which the workers of these wonderful machines have to contend.

The taking of pictures for subsequent exhibition is a business in itself. The class of pictures may perhaps be divided into three, the first being some actual and interesting event; the second, the portrayal of some phase of Nature, such as a rough sea; and the third, the

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Photo by Lascelles & Co

CINDERELLA.

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Photo by W. & A. H. Fry.

A Dream of Fair Maidens.

portrayal of people who in reality are performing miniature pantomimes. Such pictures as "A Skirt Dance," "A Sailor and his Lass," "Five o'clock Tea," and so on, are nothing more or less than pictures of people who are paid to play the parts in order that they may be photographed.

The studio, where a very considerable number of such pictures are taken, is situated in New York, and is a distinctly unique place. It is situated on the roof of an exceedingly high building, and it is as much a theatre on a small scale, as it is a studio on a large. In the first place, there is a complete circle of rail, resembling as it were the outside ring of a clock face. There is only one hand, which pivots from the centre. At the end of the hand is a large stage, whilst along the length travels a small building containing the photographic apparatus. In the main building itself, is a set of dressing rooms, with properties, costumes, and all the accessories of a modern performance. There is also an orchestra of one, equipped with a squeaky violin for use when singers and dancers are being portrayed.

The actual performance requires somewhat peculiar quickness on the part of the actors, for the whole operation takes but a few seconds. Two or three quick rehearsals are generally given and then, to the accompaniment of some execrably played popular tune, if the subject is a dance, the operation of photographing is effected. This done, the performers, looking garish and out of place in the bright sunshine, retire to their dressings rooms in order to get into their every day costumes or rags, as the case may be, and a fresh set of performers takes their place.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

A Heated Debate.

A strange mixture of individuals have sat and stood on this little stage and been photographed. Whilst some may have been poor "supers." others have included men and women of world-wide

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Photo by W. and D. Downey.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

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renown. Politicians, lecturers, dancers, musicians, actors, actresses, indeed all manner of folks, have for a few seconds repeated the essence of their several achievements. Stump speeches have been pantomimed, brief lectures have been delivered—in silence; dances that nightly bewitch vast audiences are performed, feats of juggling are repeated, and all before the marvellous machine which will enable people throughout the world to see in apparent substance famous men and women whom they can never hope to see in person.

Photo by O. W. Huntingdon.

Piccaninies at Play.

The Cinematograph and Vivisection. A curious use of the cinematograph is said to have arisen in connection with the lectures given by a certain professor of Paris. During the course of one of his lectures, he appears to have given great offence to the lady students by performing an operation on a live rabbit. The professor, at his wits' end to render his lecture of adequate value, which it certainly would not have without an actual demonstration of the various operations which from time to time he might be describing, hit upon the happy idea of making use of the cinematograph. In the privacy of his laboratory he operated upon a live rabbit before a cinematograph, and then projected the results upon a screen in the lecture room. The result was a distinct success, apparently, and there is every reason that it should have been, for the full advantages of witnessing an operation on a living creature was attained without unnecessarily harrowing the feelings of the young ladies by an operation in the room on the animal itself. The idea was decidedly a happy one of the professor's.

A wonderful Invention. Not so very long ago, the news was bruited abroad that a Polish schoolmaster, with a distinctly unpronounceable name, had discovered a method and invented a machine whereby pictures could be sent by wire. For a wonder the rumour proved a fact, and not merely a phantom; for the machine itself not only existed, but was promised as one of the marvels of the great Paris Exhibition of 1900.

France has now, it is said, the satisfaction

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Photo by O. W. Huntingdon.

SIMPLICITY.

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of knowing that a machine capable of attaining the same ends as the Pole's, but differing essentially in detail, has been invented and completed by a Frenchman, and is likely to appear also at the Exhibition. Like the Polish invention, Mons. Dussaud's can be attached to an ordinary telephone, with the result that an individual at one end of the wire can see reflected on a screen an object or a person standing at the other end of the wire.

Dussaud is not unknown as a scientist. His microphonograph has done much for the deaf, and his new invention has received the approval of the Paris Academy of Sciences, where it has been privately exhibited and tested.

Believing that as electricity in varying currents is able to reproduce sound at great distances, so it could be made to reproduce light and shade, M. Dussaud made a series of experiments with selenium, which has the peculiar property of resisting the passage of the electric current, more or less, according to the amount of light thrown upon it. The result of his experiments were concentrated in a machine which received the name of "Dussaud's Telescope."

Photo by Thors, San Francisco.

A Fair American Actress.

The instrument consists of a camera, at the opposite end to the lens being a revolving screen worked by clockwork and pierced with small openings arranged in spiral form. Behind this is a system of selenium layers connected with a battery, whose current traverses them, and also the primary circuit of the induction coil. By means of this machine an observer at the receiving station sees on the screen the exact image produced in the camera of the transmitter.

The Lost Gainsborough.

Twenty-two years ago Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, forming one of the collection of Mr. Wynn Ellis, was sold to Messrs. Agnew for £10,000. The auction took place at Messrs. Christie and Manson's rooms on May 6th, and when the great Gainsborough picture was put up, a battle royal took place for its possession. Ultimately the Earl of Dudley and the Agnews were left in, the latter finally becoming the proud possessors.

The picture was placed on exhibition in Bond Street, and all fashionable London rushed to see it. Suddenly, during the night of May 24th, the picture was cut from its frame and carried off. A reward of £1000 was offered, but to no purpose, and the theft remained an unravelled mystery. Even the cleverest of the English detectives seemed unable to evolve even a theory—and a detective must indeed be at fault when he is unable to do that. Of course there arose from time to time innumerable rumours that the lost picture had been found. Quite lately a most circumstantial story was in circulation. The report ran that a vestryman, in the course of his duties, used to call at regular intervals at an old house in Smith Street, Chelsea. It was a dirty, tumble-down old place, occupied by a mysterious old woman, who, amidst poverty, seemed nevertheless to be possessed of articles suggestive of a once prosperous past.

One day the vestryman, when paying his usual visit, discovered the house untenanted. He entered, and, finally, having descended into the cellar, he knocked up against a light

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wooden frame. Striking a match, he discovered a picture—old, dirty, and in a state of sad neglect. Careful examination revealed to him the outline of a woman in a large hat with a flower at her breast, and under the circumstances of his discovery the vestryman jumped to the conclusion that the picture must have been stolen. It needed very little enquiry on his part to bring to his mind the story of the lost Gainsborough, and he got into communication with Messrs Agnew, with the result, so it is said, of the picture being recognised as the long lost treasure.

I happen to know on the very best authority that there is but a substratum of truth in this account. A picture was apparently found, but Mr. George Agnew at once saw that it was not the great Gainsborough.

As a matter of fact, the picture itself is, almost beyond doubt, in existence. Some two years ago, Sir George Lewis was on the very point of discovering its whereabouts, when an injudicious article appeared in a certain London paper, and destroyed the opportunity.

The real thief is known. He is at present in a prison on the Continent, under a sentence for a big robbery. He was no ordinary thief, for he used, when in England, to live in the best possible style, with rooms in Piccadilly. He gained possession of the picture by getting locked in during the night, having concealed himself in a recess. The work of ripping out the canvas was a matter of but moments.

Photo by J. E. Dumont.

Ha! A Nibble!

Google

His Majesty.

HOW TIGERS ARE HUNTED.

By B. Beaman.

Of all the great hunting grounds in the world India and Africa easily hold pride of place; and if in the latter the game be more varied, in the former there is the incomparable excitement and pleasure of tiger hunting on a scale unequalled elsewhere.

Much as has been written on tiger hunting, the average dweller in England has very little detailed knowledge of the favourite sport of India. In the first place, tiger hunting is not usually indulged in throughout the entire year.

The best time for shooting tigers in Central India is in March or April; in the Southern Mahratta country rather earlier, and in the Terai in January or February.

The first thing to do is to make sure of your ground—as it is a case of first come, first served; and having fixed on a good bit of country, generally about one hundred to a hundred and fifty miles in area, to procure the services of the best local *shikari*.

The Village Head-Man Bringing in Supplies.

A *shikari* is a sportsman, properly speaking, but when the term is applied to a native, means a servant-sportsman well acquainted with the

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A Tiger Marked Down by the Shikari.

modes of conducting a shoot and the general habits of the shikar (game).

It is all-important for the success of a shoot that your shikari should be a thoroughly capable and reliable man, hence the necessity of engaging him *early*, as good men are always in request.

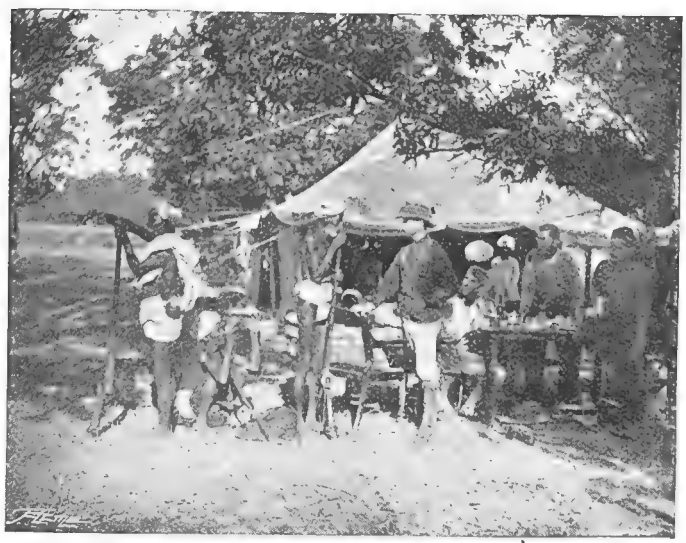
Next to the shikari in importance come the elephants. These are nearly always procurable from the Government, but it is very necessary to see that you get good animals. Some will rush to the encounter and materially aid in the battle, others will stand immovable and calm as if nothing were happening. Some, if they have ever been mauled will turn tail and fly at the sight of a tiger, and this is especially the case with females. It is very dangerous to ride a coward elephant, for in its terror it will literally gallop and the pace is inconceivable to anyone who has not tried it!

Tents are generally hired if one is unable to borrow them, but Government officials have their own.

Having arranged all these big details one's attention turns to minor points, no less important in the long run. A sportsman's first consideration is his guns. The most useful are a good 12-bore gun and 16-bore rifle; or else two 12-bore guns, as it is an advantage, amounting almost to necessity, that all the ammunition you have about you should fit whichever weapon you have in your hand.

An old hand as frequently as not carries a small thong-bound ladder, made of pieces of bamboo; five or six feet in length. This is of great use in climbing trees which would otherwise be inaccessible. Those who like comfort carry a small but strong leather cushion to fix in the uncomfortable forks of trees in which they are occasionally obliged to sit for great lengths of time whilst not a few provide themselves with a pair of strong gloves, with half the fingers cut off, for wear when the mid-day heat makes it a painful business to clasp the barrel of the gun.

A small leather water bottle and a big packet of sandwiches or biscuits are always sadly missed if forgotten. One's clothes are a great consideration—or, rather, the colour of them is! No vestige of white must anywhere appear, as it is so easily detected at a distance. One's whole "rig-out" should be of the same colour, a kharki yellow-brown being about the most suitable. The *sola topee*,



Telling the News.

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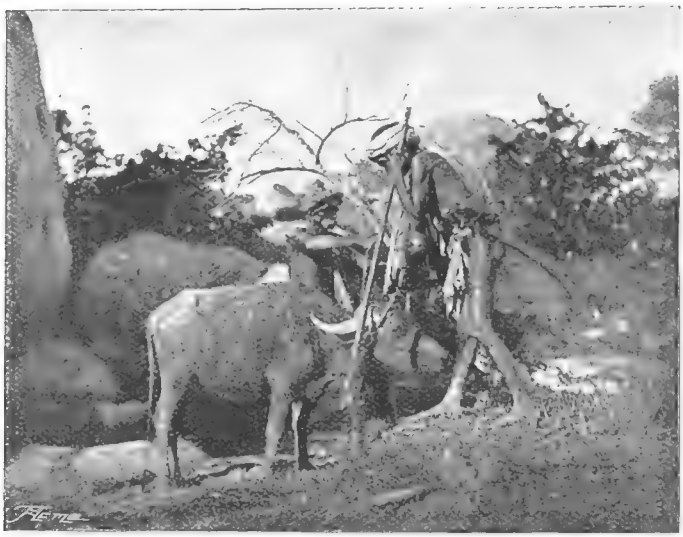


Tying up a Buffalo as Bait for the Tiger.

or "sun hat," is an important item, and should be large but light.

Here, then, we have our hunter equipped. Now for the actual sport itself. On arrival at a camp, the shikari is despatched into the nearest village to find out what news he can of sport. The head-man of the village, often accompanied by almost the entire population, then comes to the *saheb lōg's* (gentlemen's) tents and informs them of any tigers known to be in the neighbourhood.

Through the head-man the beaters are engaged, between fifty and sixty up to as many as a hundred being required each day.

The beaters trace the "*pugs*," or footmarks of the tiger, and a good shikari (who is well versed in all jungle lore) can tell at once the freshness, or comparative freshness, of these marks. Sometimes claw-marks are found on tree-barks as high up as eight, nine, or even eleven feet.

In many districts it is customary to tie up a young bull-buffaloe near the favourite drinking-place of the tiger, and in the early morning the place is spied out by the shikari from as great a distance as possible, so as not to disturb the tiger, should he have killed the animal. If he has killed it, he is sure to be somewhere near, and the joyful tidings are soon carried to the sahib.

In a well-organised camp, breakfast is generally a very substantial meal, taken at about 10 a.m., and sport is commenced directly afterwards, and continued till dinner-time in the evening.

The sportsmen drive in bullock-*dumnies* (covered carts drawn by bullocks) or ride horses or elephants as far as the spot from which they intend to shoot, where they dismount and climb up convenient trees, a native *shikari* with a second gun accompanying each man.

Then the beat commences, each of the beaters banging about with a long staff or other handy instrument, and yelling and making a most hideous din. In some villages nearly the whole population turns out, provided with some weapon or other for banging and making a noise, and such is the babel they create that they often start the game before the regular beaters come up. At the first shot every beater makes for the nearest tree or other handy place of safety until further orders.

In districts where the tigers are very wild

The Buffalo Next Morning Killed and Partially Eaten by the Tiger.

Google

Bagged!

they gallop past under the trees in which the sportsmen are seated at such a rate that it is almost impossible to shoot them.

If a tiger is wounded it is wisest to follow up the trail on elephants and this is always done unless the jungle is absolutely too thick to allow it. It is most foolhardy to follow up a wounded tiger on foot; or for that matter *any* tiger on foot if it can be done any other way.

If a sportsman is *obliged* to follow on foot he should hold his rifle at ready all the while, and be accompanied by his shikari with the second gun also at ready. Sometimes the jungle is so dense that one cannot see as far as twenty yards ahead!

I might mention here that it is the unfailing rule of a good sportsman to *always* reload before advancing, the omission of which rule has caused many an accident.

When wounded tigers betake themselves into caves, it is a ticklish job finishing them off.

Peering into the mouth of the cave one frequently sees the game crouching ready to spring, and it is a case of who is quicker.

In some parts of the country no "kill" is tied up, but the shooting is organised on merely a succession of beats from one camping ground to another.

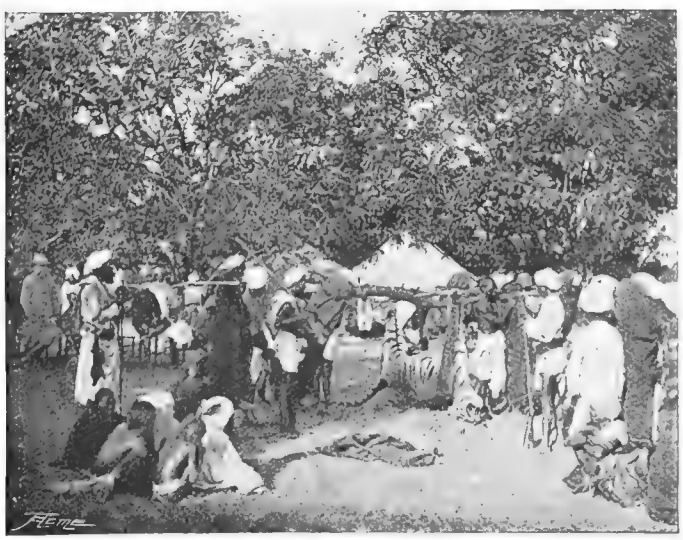
In rocky country with but very little cover and few trees the shoot is generally done from the backs of elephants. Even when one is able to have their first shot from a low tree, if the game is only wounded it must be followed up and finished off from the back of an elephant.

When riding timid females, sportsmen occasionally pull up some distance off, and pelt the place where the tiger is supposed to be with stones and bullets till he shows himself, and then shoot him down.

Sometimes the elephants are used to help in the beat, forming part of the line. When this is done the mahouts have to be careful not to get the least bit in front of the rest of the line, as this might put up the tiger and turn it on to the beaters behind.

If the shooting is in the Terai late in the season, when the jungle grass is long, the sportsmen often ride their elephants in a close line through the jungle, firing from their backs should they put up game.

Sometimes in very rocky country the practice is to hide behind boulders of stone,



Carrying in the Game.

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Paying the Beaters.

and watch the beaten bushes for the prey. If it happens that the tiger is only wounded, it is wisest to immediately mount one's elephant. When shooting from the ground, the sportsman lies down and keeps as flat as possible, so as to remain unseen, but it is difficult to drive this necessity into the heads of native attendants, who occasionally jump up and run for their lives to the nearest shelter on catching sight of the tiger.

It is rather exciting work sitting over a kill at night—if you can induce your native extra gun-bearer to keep silence. Often he whispers, alas! too audibly, "Bagh hai" (there is a tiger), and immediately "Bagh hai" no longer.

People entertain a number of extraordinarily erroneous ideas about tigers and their habits, I believe chiefly spread by those who have attended perhaps one hunt only, or even none. So tales get spread about as to the awful man-eaters of great size, etc, etc.

As a matter of fact, a tiger is *not* a daring animal, but is a cunning, sneaking brute, with sense enough to know when the chances are against him. Man-eaters are invariably old, generally very lean and mangy, with worn-out fangs, and no longer possessing any power of speed. Their skins are never worth having. Somehow they have discovered that unarmed human beings are easy prey, and so they develop a taste for this food. They are very cunning, and choose the best possible moment for attack, when some poor man, woman, or child is alone.

If not interfered with, a tiger will always eat the whole of anything he kills, however bad it may become; and if relatives would allow the mangled remains of the man-eater's victim to lie for a day, the man-eater would often be despatched before doing further harm. The natives, however, have such a terror of a man-eater, that they will withhold information as to his believed whereabouts for fear of incurring his wrath and ultimate vengeance. Prosperous villages have over and over again been wholly deserted and left to ruin, as all the terrified inhabitants have fled the place in fear of a man-eater that had begun its ravages amongst them.

Tigers are measured in various ways, the fairest method being from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail before skinning. Males run to 119ins. in length, but the largest female I ever heard of measured only 107½ins.

Skinning the Tiger.

Google

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

Ah! Here you are. Nothing like being punctual. Come inside.

My favourite amusements! Well, I don't get over much leisure, but a game of billiards after dinner is always enjoyable.

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Now we'll go round the garden.

A rather unique summer-house. It has proved a most delightful idea.

That's an odontoglossum album. Not particularly rare, as you know, but one of my favourite orchids.

Oh, yes! I'm a victim to the bicycling craze. And why not? It's an excellent amusement.

I've got golf fever, too, rather badly, indeed I've laid out a golf course on my grounds.

Bowls is more sedate, eh! But you can get a wonderful amount of enjoyment out of it, all the same, let me tell you.

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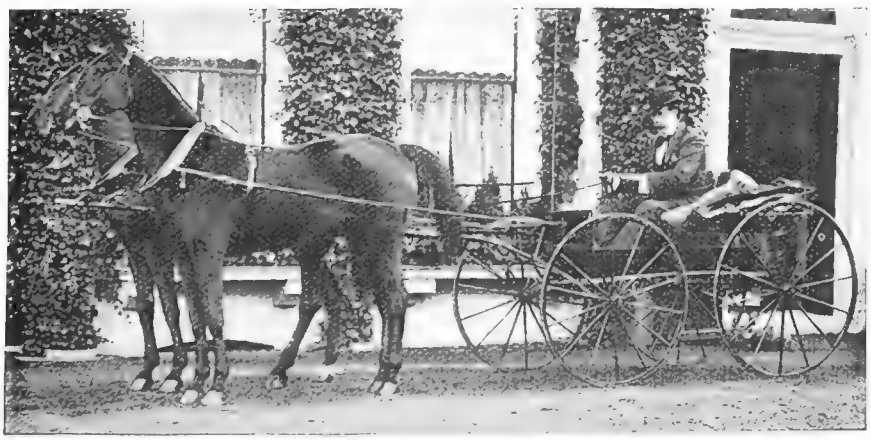
But horses are my great hobby, especially good trotters.



The near-side one is the finest trotting mare in the kingdom, so it is said.

Now I must be off to the city. Hope the photos will come out all right. Good-day to you.

Photos by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

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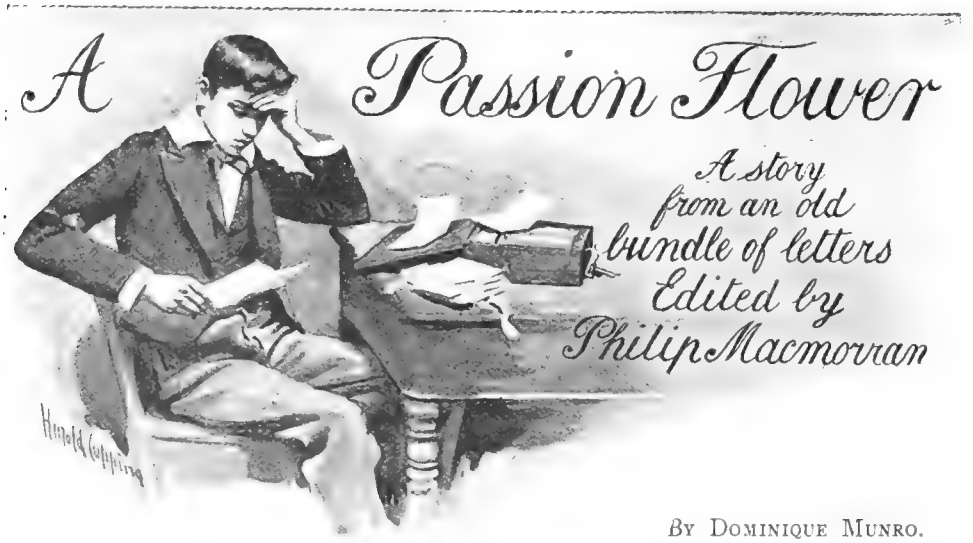


By Dominique Munro.

. . . . Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree.—Coleridge.

I'm Philip, the third of the "Rectory children," and I am writing this down just because Eric, good old Chummy, left me his desk and papers when he——. But that's telling the story in my own words, and I don't want to do that, for you see I have no pretensions to being an author. Well, it's just because I have become the possessor of all Eric's papers and letters, and it seems to my experienced eye (I am the editor of the "Magpie," our house magazine at Eton, you know), that there is a remarkably pathetic story running through these letters which I have come across, tied together in a bundle with blue ribbon. Poor old Chummy! So I am just going to copy them out as I found them, and only put in a remark or two when a remark or two is needed.

Why I am the third member of our family is because Chummy, that is Eric, was the eldest. Algy, who is in the Royal Navy, is the second, and I am the third. I wasn't always the third, because there used to be a girl between Algy and me. Her name was Rosie, Rosie Macmorran. Our surname is Macmorran, but she died some years ago. So I am a good deal younger than Chummy was, you see, and he used to call me "Phlops," I am sure I don't know why. There is one other of us, "Chubby," the baby of the family, awfully fat and round, but a jolly little sportsman for all that. His real name is Seton. Mater was a Seton before she married the governor.

Well, we lived in the dear old Rectory in Surrey, and next door to us was the "Gables," where there lived such a funny old sort of a fellow, a miser sort of a chap, and he had one child, Gabrielle. Of course, *we* called her "Gables" after the house, except Chummy. He called her "Bunny," because she used to come into our garden through a hole in the fence. She almost lived with us, and we all loved her—and then—the old miser died, and Gabrielle cried a great deal—I don't know why, she never loved him, but I suppose she felt she was all alone in the world; and Chummy kissed her, and they walked about together hand in hand, and then she went away to France to her guardian, Monsieur N. and his mother, and Chummy went to the R. M. C.

At first letters, short notes from Gables' convent school, and some from her guardian's house used to come here, and Chummy read them out loud, or sent them home for us to read, if he were away at the time; but suddenly we children were kept out of it all, I never understood why, and now . . I do know, so I am going to tell you all about it. Those letters that came after a bit meant much more to Chummy than he cared for us to realise. And as Gables grew older so Eric grew quieter, and we seemed to hear

Google

less and less of either of them; now I have the whole story in these few letters, so I will just copy them out that others may understand.

I am only a boy, and a careless enough chap I know, not endowed with over much sentiment, but I own to having felt a bit choky the first time I read through this bundle. I shall call the whole "A Passion Flower," because it seems to me that poor Gables' love story can best be described in those two words. And Chummy's, too, for the matter of that; but somehow I don't care to think of this as the story of *his* life. I half think none of us ever knew Chummy really well—he seems to have lived by himself.

The first letter in the bundle is dated March 22nd, 1894, and is as follows:—

DEAR ERIC,—Here I am at last, home for long weeks of delights and merry-making. You see I have learnt to call it "home," though I so passionately declared when I left the old Rectory in Surrey that nowhere, *no* where again could I make a home! How silly! We are, after all, but creatures of circumstance, are we not? How is your mother? I will write to her to-morrow, and so, between the two of you, you will be able to follow your little girl friend through the rosy paths of her happy life out here in France. And they are rosy, dear—I mean them to be, they *shall* be.

When I left the Sisters at the convent gate this morning, I said to myself: "When I get home I will write to Eric and tell him all about the term that has passed, and my exams., and of my school-fellows, the good nuns, and the services, so different to those in your father's church; but then I am in the centre of Catholicity here, and—do not frown, as I can almost see you doing—I *like* it. Yes, I love it, for are not my dear, kind guardian and his mother Catholics? And does not he stride off to mass at the little chapel attached to the monastery every morning, and come home singing with the early birds, whilst I lie lazily in my little white curtained bed? I must describe him if I can. He is tall and upright, and has a clean shaven oval face, with huge brown eyes. He is young—very young, and talks to me in English, to remind me, he says, of home.

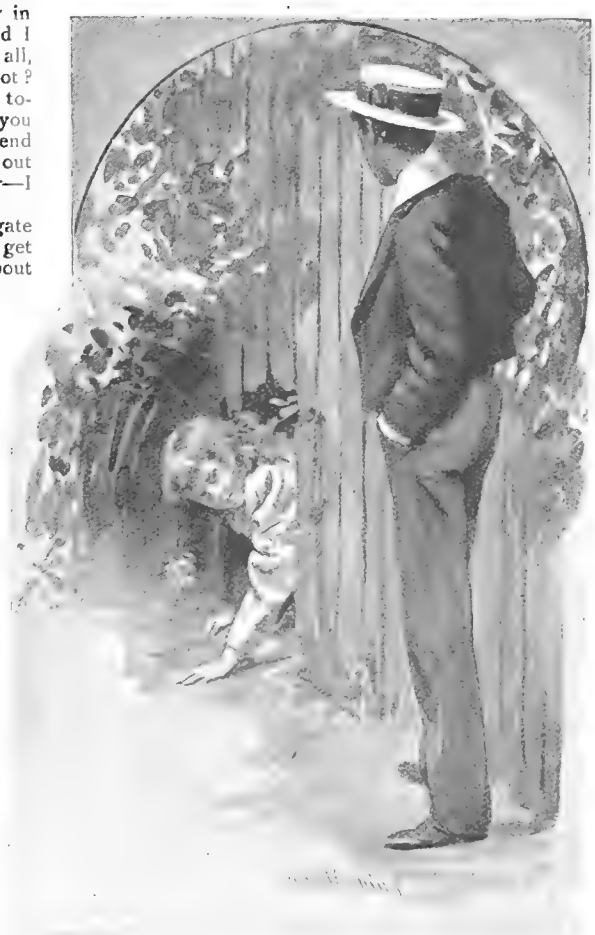
And now that I have found a few moments after a busy day to write my intended letter, I can think of nothing to say but that I am happy—far, far happier than I expected to be.

Do you remember the day I left England, two years ago, when you and I sat in the Rectory garden—I, in my sombre black dress with the crape that I *tried* to feel the weight of on my spirits, and how I wickedly said that a father who had been so hard in life might at least have left me in the care of a man whom I knew or *could* love, and how I promised you faithfully that my guardian should never, never take your place in my heart, you who had been more than a brother to me all my eighteen years? Yes, Eric, I am eighteen now: I was eighteen two weeks ago! Well, how little we dreamt of all that would take place since that day!

Guardy, gave me such a splendid photograph album on my birthday, and I have put your mother and his mother in it, side by side, and when I look at them I keep saying in my heart, "Which do I love best?"

There is the dinner bell—I must fly. Kiss all the children for me. Dear, you are *not* too old to kiss, in spite of your commission and the sword that your proud mother has buckled on to-night, for you see this is the 22nd, and I remember that you told me your kit would come down to-day, and you were to appear in it to welcome the Rector home after his holiday. Kiss the Rector too, and whisper that Gabrielle never forgets—never! and a large portion of her heart is in the British Isles.—Ever yours erratically, BUNNY.

The second letter is to my mother. Eric



He called her Bunny, because she used to come into our garden through a hole in the fence.

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must have begged it of her to keep with the rest.

March 23rd.

DEAREST AUNTIE:—

A line in great haste. I am going out with "Guardy," and he wants me to wear my new dress, so I shall have to allow half an hour to titivate! How I seem to have changed since I left England. —And I feel the change—I don't know where, sometimes in my heart I think and sometimes in my throat, all in a sort of a lump. It is silly to send so short a note. What would I not give to take a peep in at the Rectory window! How prou! you must be that Eric is now a "full-blown" officer, and in the 4—. too! I am glad, for he is Scotch all over . . . "my bonnie bairn," as I think I hear you say. I pictured the scene last night, even to the tears that I feel must have been in your eyes as you buckled on that sword and saw him standing up so tall and straight by his father, topping him by fully half a head; and Eric's flush of pride as the Rector shook him by the hand——oh, why do I run on so——It does me no good. Good-bye—Love to all my dear ones— Ever your own

GABRIELLE.

July 23rd, 1894.

DEAR OLD ERIC:—

I am so tired and have so bad an ache all through, in my heart, and head, and everywhere; when I talk there comes a great lump to choke me; so I ran upstairs a few minutes ago, to be alone, and I re-read your's and your mother's last letters; they seemed to do me good.

How pleased I am that you are getting on so well. I can never say how glad—Oh Eric boy, how proud "Auntie" must be of her soldier son. She tells me the Colonel has sent such kind words of you.

You must never say again that I am growing not to love you as I used. Eric, could you see me now, writing at the desk you gave me, using the pen you carved the handle of! To my right hangs the little tin sword with which you used to vanquish me and my army in the nursery! On my left, that despised amateur photograph of you in the battered old frame, just as it has always been since you had the impudence to say you would give it to me for a kiss! —As if I wanted it!!!

Yes, I do love my guardian, you are quite right; he is all that he could be, and far, far more than I thought he would be.

And so you "get on" with your Captain, and think the Colonel is a "jolly old boy"! I believe, from all you tell me, that the Major must have had a love story in his youth. The other subaltern in your company is a muff! Don't give *him* any more of my love, but give it all to "Dumps," and "Scamp," and "Don," and "Easy" (you see I know them all by their correct names now). Don't say all your news can't interest me. It does, indeed, indeed it does.

7 P.M.

Thank you a thousand times for telling your mother to send me on one of those splendid "uniformed" photographs; I've just received it. How lovely it is. Just my old playfellow all over. But, Eric, what is the "something" in your eyes? . . . It is different. You look so strong, almost fierce. Do you know I doubt if I should dare tease you as I used to do, if I met you now. I believe I should be afraid of you. I shall put the photograph side by side with the other one.

They say out here that it is unnatural for me to write to you as I do!—Ever yours,—

GABRIELLE.

January 7th, 1895.

What a little wretch I have been not to have written all these weeks and months. I have just found your last three letters unanswered in my desk, so I am going to write you a splendid long epistle to make up for my shameful neglect. And I never even wrote for your twenty-first birthday. How odd it seems to think of you so "grown-up." I seem to remember you always as a rough-headed laughing boy, with merry blue eyes.

"Auntie" tells me you are so quiet and staid now, and that your captain is worried by your looks. Do take care of yourself, dear, for your mother's sake. Since she lost Rosie she is so anxious about you all. You musn't flatter me; fancy saying that that photograph is the prettiest thing you've got! My guardian becomes more and more to me day by day and week by week, but I am sure he doesn't understand; he seems almost to avoid me, and always takes his mother with us if we go driving now, and I walk by myself with the big dogs. . . .

"Guardy" never comes! He lets me go into his study sometimes, presumably to talk business, about my affairs and future, but when I am there we sit one each side of the table, and I do all the talking, just running on anyhow, saying bad things and silly things and ordinary things all muddled up together, just as I think them, and he sits there by me with his huge, solemn brown eyes fixed on me, following me through every mood and tense, and once I jumped suddenly from laughter to tears, and he said, "Dear, I love you so like this, treating me as a real friend." . . . as if I ever treated him or thought of him as anything but a friend!

Oh, Chummy, thank you for saying you are beginning to understand, let me do as you ask me to, just tell you all about it—how I love him, what a part of my life he has become! And he doesn't know, he will never understand. He is so good, so far and away above me in all; the people here worship him. It is so natural somehow, he seems to fill up the gaps everywhere, do you understand? His mother is so sad. I think she guesses how I care.

You tell me in your last letter that you want me to write because you love me — because you miss me. Go on loving me, dear old Eric, my soldier-boy; love me right to the end of the chapter. I have no real brother, no father or mother; and I trust so much in you, rely so much on your love. But why do you say it hurts you to love me so? . . . and why ask if it hurts me to hear of it? . . . I don't understand. Don't puzzle me, Eric. All life seems such a complicated affair, and you used to be so simple, I understood, but now. . . . ? No, you must promise me faithfully not to be sad and miserable; go on being my boy friend, whom I always think of as surrounded by brightness and happiness and laughter. Any way, Eric, forgive the selfish shrinking from pain that prompts me ask you not to write miserably. I can't bear it just now!

We are going to travel about about a bit for a whole year, so I don't know when or where I shall

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". . . On my left that despised amateur photograph of you."

write again. Love to all. Never forget your little sister,

GABLES.

December 22nd, 1895.

DEAR ERIC,

You see this year I remember your birthday, and snatch a few moments to write to you. Many, many happy returns of the day, dear. I hope indeed that you may get your wish, and see some active service soon. God bless my old boy friend. I appreciate your letters so, they have come to me at all the foreign places as a real boon and blessing, and thank you very much for the merriness throughout them, the jokes and the "jolly larks" you describe.

I like to think of you as happy as you seem to be, and I am so glad you are no longer miserable. Eric, my guardian kissed me as usual last night when I said "Good night," and afterwards he held me to him, and said, "I wonder how I shall bear losing you." For a moment it sent a sort of thrill through me, and then I said, "But I can come and see you." He only sighed, and turned away. But tell me you are glad, for I am sure he cares far more now than he used to do. I will, I *must* make him love me in time. Is it wrong to talk like this? Anyhow I think it, and I always tell you what I think. I can't bear to realise that when I am twenty-one I must leave him. Good-bye, dear.

Ever yours, GABRIELLE.

P.S.—How few people remember that "Good-bye" is a blessing. "God be with you."

The next letter in the bundle is from the mater to Gabrielle; we found it in her desk the other day. It is as follows:—

January 21st, 1896.

DEAR GABRIELLE,—We have had such a sad, sad Christmas time. Poor Eric was dreadfully ill; I was telegraphed for to nurse him. I am just sending these few lines at his special request to tell you that he had your last letter, and says he *is* glad. I am out of it all, so I cannot tell what he means. Ah, Gabrielle, dear child, I wonder if you understand what a mother feels when, for the first time, a girl has the power to shut her son's heart from her! My poor Eric is so weak and ill that I dare not let him send you even a few lines, as he would certainly try and do were I not here. I do not know all that is happening to my little "daughter;" she seldom favours me with a letter. Eric talks about you often, and sends his love. I am going to take him home to-day for a holiday. These rumours of war have scared me. God grant the 4—. will not be ordered out. I cannot spare my boy!—Yours affectionately, DORA MACMORRAN.

I remember now (reading these letters has brought a good many of the little things that happened then back to me), Eric came home dreadfully thin and pale; his blue eyes were so dull—there was no light in them at all. We were kept from him for a day or two till he grew stronger. Gables sent a letter to the

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mater, saying how sorry she was about Chummy's illness. The mater never showed it to any of us; she burnt it straight away—only just laid her hand on Chummy's head, and said, "She sends her love." There was a hungry look that I didn't understand in my brother's eyes. I think I do understand now. Then Gables wrote again to Eric. Mater didn't want him to have the letter at first; I advised her to give it to him. I couldn't imagine then what could excite him in Gables' letters!

MY DEAR ERIC:— February 21st, 1896.

So you are convalescent now and beg for further news of me. Poor Eric, I can scarcely imagine *you* ill! I never even saw you with so much as a headache, and when you used to have the inevitable colds and coughs it had no effect on your spirits, you used to run about and laugh and sing just the same! and now you have been on your back all that time. What was it dear? How could you be so mentally worried at your age? You've passed your "A and B," you told me so. Is it some other exam. that is worrying you?

I must come back to England soon, I feel so in the dark out here . . . some of you are keeping something from me, I am sure, and I *must* know. Does your mother think I do not read between the lines of her letters and see that in a great measure she is blaming me! Oh Chummy, what have *I* done to be blamed? How could *I* make you ill? Write soon, and tell me all, and please say it is not true that you go to India in the Autumn. It can't be true. Eric, it will be ghastly for your mother; do you realise it? Your father growing feebler every day, and Algy at sea!—Can't you exchange or something—but there, I know your heart is set on it, though it is hard for those who love you.

My guardian teased me so to-day as we were walking home from church. (I always go to Mass now, don't be shocked my soldier boy). He said "How would you like me to become a monk, Gabrielle?" I started as if I had been shot, and then looked at his mother, would you believe it, she looked so proud and happy at the mere idea!—Fancy!—when it means her son would leave her for ever and ever! However, Guardy soon talked of other things.

I do not understand Catholics, though to my mind there are some things that are beautiful. My guardian gave me a prayer book to-day, and wrote on the fly-leaf a well-known prayer for soldiers, and he said, "That will be said often, no?" For a moment I did not know what to say. What do you think Eric, he actually believes I love you, I mean, am "in love with you"—like when people want to marry each other!—I laughed so when he told me. And I told him how you would laugh too, if you knew.

I then described you and your blue eyes, and how your face changes when you smile, and then—(don't be angry)—I showed him your letters and your photograph. And when he gave them back to me this morning he said, so gravely. "Your friend is one of the best sort of men that live, when you write to him tell him I wish him good luck, and the pick of this world's good things, and better in the world to come." It is a curious message, but so, ah, so like him. Good-bye all my dear ones. Get well soon, Chummy, and tease the boys into writing to me. Phlops ought to write a good letter by now. Ever and always yours,

BUNNY.

There was a hungry look in my brother's eyes.

There was only one more of Gables' letters in the bundle, and it was sent out to India after Chummy had gone. It is very faint, and written on that horrid foreign paper. Looks to me as if Gables, as she wrote it, or Chummy as he read it, indulged in a good cry. The ink is so blotted.

March 30th.

MY DEAR BIG BROTHER,

It is all over, and I am sitting down for the last time in my little room to write to my best and truest friend. God only knows how I have valued your friendship all my life. To-day I feel so stunned I hardly know what to write. A moment ago I came up here and locked the door, and leant against the wall, pressing my hands over my eyes to shut out the

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"He came forward and took my burning hands in his."

dismantled room. I tried to think I was back again in the schoolroom at the Rectory, tried hard to blot out these last five years from my memory, but tears would come, hot blinding tears. It is all so different now, the sun has ceased to shine for your poor Bunny.

My boxes are all packed, and to-morrow I start for England, where your mother will meet me. Yes, I am going home—at last! Just now I unlocked one box, and dragged out the tin sword and battered photograph frame, and hung them on the otherwise bare walls. I wanted something to remind me of you.

I will write freely, because I am sure of my soldier boy's love and affection, he will not desert me now or condemn me for my foolish regrets. A week after my twenty-first birthday, my guardian called me into his room, and as I entered he came forward and took both my burning hands in his—his were icy cold.

"Gabrielle," he said, "now that you are my ward no longer, I have sent for you to tell you of the great step I am going to take. Had not your father expressed so strong a wish that I should be your guardian when he heard of my father's death, I should have taken this step five years ago. At all events these years have helped only to strengthen my vocation; your affairs have been left perfectly straightforward, so you will scarcely need my advice any more. To-morrow, I leave my mother for ever, and join the monks at D——."

My heart seemed to leap into my throat, and pulling my hands from his clasp, I leant against a chair for support. I told him as calmly as I could that I wished him peace and happiness in his new life—and I thanked him for all his kindness to me telling him of my intention to go to England, and then I ran upstairs and flung myself on my bed and cried bitter, bitter tears. You see, dear, he never loved me and he doesn't know to this day that I loved him. It is terrible to love like this, Thank God I have an outlet to my feelings—I can write it all to you who sympathise and understand.

When he left us, I was with him to the last and laughed and joked all the way to the station. He tried to be solemn but I made him laugh, though my own heart was breaking. His mother heard from him to-day, a letter in every word so like himself that the tears rushed to my eyes, and I turned to leave the room. Madame N—— ran after me and caught me in her arms and kissed me, whispering, "Pauvrette, I understand—" I broke from her and went to the study, where in former days we so often sat together, and there I flung myself on the sofa and wore myself out with sobs—vain sobs! Eric, I cannot suffer more. Some day, when God permits you to know the exquisite anguish of such love, you will understand, till then I can only wish you all the

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happiness that youth should have as its due. For me—? I care not if I die to-morrow.—Ever yours,

GABRIELLE.

Just after that letter was written, Gables came home. The first night she was here she ran all over the place from room to room with Chubby and myself. She laughed so merrily that we were all taken in by it, and thought her the happiest of happy girls, except that she looked so pale and tired, and sometimes would lay her head on her arms and burst into tears. She was always in the sunshine, and Seton used to follow her carrying a stool about with him, and would suddenly plant it down on the ground, and say, "Gables, sit down, I command you." His voice is so like Eric's. He is the most like Eric of us all, perhaps that is why she loved him so.

"I am sitting on an inverted tub, endeavouring to write as we march to-morrow."

But Gables fell ill, was in a "regular decline" I heard the doctor say. And as the spring passed she became worse and worse. It was an awful time, because the war in India was at its height, and the mater was so anxious about Chummy. We wrote to him, of course, but never told him how ill Gables was. It would have made him so unhappy, you see, and it was quite unnecessary. But Gables died, and so we had to write. Mater did it, and sent Eric all the messages that our more than sister had left for him. Then we laid her in the little cemetery. Chubby cried an awful lot. I didn't cry, I am too old for that, but I felt awfully choky, and I wrote Eric a long letter in the evening, and as I wrote I kept lifting up my head; listening, I almost expected to hear Gables in the corridor coming . . . to send a message.

Some weeks later the mater came to me one morning in my room, and drew my head on to her shoulder, and kissed me, oh, so earnestly—if you understand. I felt her hot tears on my cheeks, and I asked her what it was, and she answered:

"Oh, Philip, let me cry, dear, my darling Eric, my bonny bairn, is . . . dead!"

I couldn't believe it at first, it made me feel so queer, and my head swam round and round, but I pulled myself together—only just in time, for the mater fainted.

Later she gave me Eric's desk and keys, and told me to destroy all the papers that I thought were of no value. When I told her of these letters, she gave me two to add to the bundle. Here they are—one from poor old Chummy's captain, and one from Eric himself, written on the eve of that fatal battle.

Dear Mrs. Macmorran:—

How can I find words in which to condole with you in this terrible loss you have sustained in the death of your son. I have nothing to offer you as a consolation save that he was one of the most respected soldiers at the Front in this present dreadful time. Officers and men alike adored him. He was the heart of the regiment, and one of Her Majesty's bravest servants. When they brought him into camp yesterday morning a silence fell on the groups of men, a silence more eloquent than tears.

You will, I am sure, forgive me for saying so little. I feel his loss so keenly that I am unfit to write.

I will send his papers and belongings by the next mail, and hope by then to be able to give you a fuller account of yesterday's ghastly work. He was conscious only for a few moments, and I wrote down word for word all that he said. Firstly he begged me to send his love to all at home, and to tell you he was in no actual pain, only a dull ache all over. Then he asked me to post on a letter that he had written the evening before the skirmish, and he fell back in my arms with the word, "Gabrielle," on his lips . . . and so he died.

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Forgive me, but I can say no more at present, it is all too vivid, too terrible.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Macmorran,
Yours sincerely,
HERBERT GREEN.

[ENCLOSURE].

Darling little Mother:—

I am seated on an inverted tub, endeavouring my best to write a few short lines before nightfall as we march some miles north of this to-morrow, and are certain to see some sharp fighting. One never knows what may happen, does one?—and so, in case I never see my dear ones again I must send a message now.

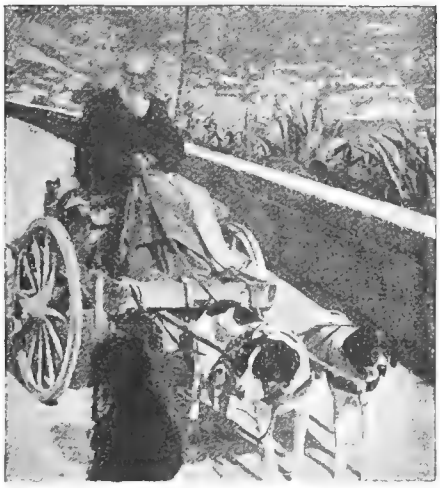
Tell the governor to "buck up" and get strong now that he has "Bunny" home again, and ask Phlops to look after my dogs and take care of you and Chubby. Algy's all right; he wrote the other day and seems to be getting on grandly. I am being called so must only say one thing more, it is this, tell Gables I got her letter and understand and am more sorry than words can say. Oh, mother, mother, God only knows how dearly I have loved our Gabrielle, and she would never have understood. Somehow I feel to-night that she is near me—I—, but I must go—good-bye dearest mother—Chummy's salaams to all——.

Mater said something about Gabrielle's spirit having been near him at the time he wrote that letter—it must have been exactly the moment that she died. Of course, I don't pretend to understand such things—I'm only a boy—but it seems a fine idea, and perhaps when she died she realised how Eric *had* loved her and her spirit followed him all through that last battle, and kept calling, calling him—so that he had to go—

A QUAINT CHALLENGE.

ONE of the most marked characteristics of the British Royal Family, and one which has tended to endear them to all classes of the community, is the readiness with which they will lay aside all formality and thoroughly enter into the spirit of the most unexpected situation.

The illustration we are able to give is an interesting memento of most unique unbending on the part of Her Majesty the Queen, for the sake of gratifying a very humble ambition of an old Frenchman. During her visit in 1897 to the Riviera, this old man, in his little cart drawn by dogs, frequented many of the drives Her Majesty was wont to take in the hope of being able to test the fleetness of his team against that of Her Majesty. On March 18th he took it upon himself to challenge Her Majesty to a race as she was driving along the lower Comiche Road, in company with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and the Countess of Antrim. The conditions on the face of it were scarcely in favour of the old Frenchman, for a fine upstanding pair of carriage horses were not likely to have much difficulty in outdistancing a dog cart—in its literal sense. The Queen gratified the old man by entering into the fun, and, to his intense delight, his dogs outraced the Royal team; nor was his pleasure in anywise lessened by a generous contribution by Her Majesty.



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The old Frenchman who raced the Queen.

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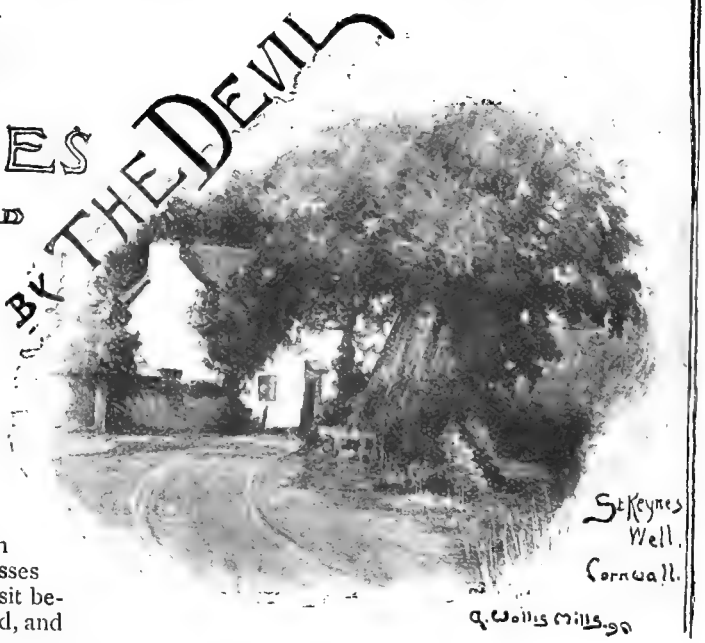
Some Places in England Avoided by the Devil

By Edmund F Ball.



St. Keyne was a pious English princess who lived about 490 A.D. She came to Cornwall from Brecknockshire. Her nephew, St. Cradock, pressed her to return home, and on her at last consenting he planted his stick in the ground and originated the spring.

The "Holy Wells," as they are termed, are in most cases merely natural hollows or cracks in rocky ground from which clear water gushes, drips, or "wells up." In certain instances the water passes through some mineral deposit before issuing from the ground, and so becomes charged with some medicinal properties which are acknowledged to be beneficial in the case of certain maladies.

Most of us are familiar with the famous holy well in Wales connected with a particular saint, to the waters of which well are ascribed miraculous properties; lame and other persons, reputed cured of their different maladies, leaving their crutches and sticks suspended in the building to attest to the healing effected.

Many of these wells were utilised in Christian days for baptismal purposes—hence the name of "holy"; they also supplied neighbouring religious houses and churches with water. The wells at Rialton (Newquay) and "St. Zuron's Well" (Bodmin) seem to be of this class, as is also the well in connection with St Benot's Priory, Cornwall. Some of the early Christian missionaries used them thus, and for their own supply of water, too, when living, perhaps, in some cell close by. This we find at St. Neot's Well (Cornwall) and many others.

The legend of that saint affords curious reading. It appears that Providence, in recognising the goodness of this saint, always kept a store of two fishes in the well for his use, on the condition that he ate one every day. As ill-luck would have it, one day the saint was taken ill, and his servant, anxious after his master's health, caught both fish, and, after cooking them, placed them upon a dish before St. Neot.

The saint was extremely vexed at this, and ordered his servant to immediately place both fish into the well again. This done, they straightway returned to life. The servant was then ordered to go to the well and catch *one fish only*. This fish was duly cooked and presented before St. Neot. Upon the saint tasting the fish—the tale runs—he was immediately restored to health.

The well at St. Benot's Priory

was amongst those utilised in earlier days for Christian baptisms.

Cornwall appears to be the most noted county in Britain for holy wells. In Bodmin is "Scarlet's Well." It was considered beneficial to wash the eyes in this spring. The monks of Bodmin attracted pilgrimages here

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Lady Nance Well.

This well used always to be visited on Palm Sunday. A wooden cross would be laid on the top of the water. If it floated it indicated that the pilgrim would outlive the year, whilst if it sank it foreshadowed a shortly ensuing death.

in mediæval times, and great revenues are said to have been derived from these visits of the persons who travelled thither. There is also in Bodmin a holy well near the Berry, which was usually visited on Ascension Day. Rushes were laid in the form of a cross, and dropped on the surface of the water. It was thought that if these swam there would be good luck, whilst if they sank, the enquirer would have ill-luck during the coming year.

A somewhat similar custom is recorded of "Lady Nance Well," near St. Columb, only in this case the crosses were generally made of wood.

Many wells have buildings over them. Of these, perhaps, the well of St. Cleer, near Liskeard, is the most popular in Cornwall.

St. Cleer.

The chapel near this well was destroyed in the Civil War, but it has been restored. The waters were used to cure mad people. A curious superstition is that if the stones of the old chapel are carted away they return again during the night.

This is known as one of the many "Wishing Wells," and its water is also supposed to work wondrous cures. The particular healing virtue of this well is said to be the cure of insanity.

Another Cornish well is that of "Treloy." It is situate in an orchard on a farm of the same name. There are a few remains of some stone seats inside. To enter this well one must traverse through a bed of rather uninviting "nettles." This is one of the many wishing wells in which it was usual to drop pins. The method was to throw the crooked pins in the water, and watch as to their conduct before settling at the bottom, so that the future might be known by a process of divining.

"Roche Well," on the Tregoss Moor, is of the same class, with the addition of throwing pebbles in the water. This latter custom is said to have at one time been greatly in vogue by maidens who were anxious as to the probable date of their marriage. The number of bubbles arising to the surface of the water from each pebble was supposed to indicate the months which must elapse before the long-looked-for event would take place. In Wales a well, known as "Virtuous Well," is supposed to have the power of giving similar results.

Treloy Well

is a wishing-well into which people drop crooked pins, watching for omens to be gleaned from the method in which the pins settle to the bottom.

An important holy well is the far-famed well of St. Keyne, near Looe, Cornwall. St. Keyna, or St. Keyne, the tutelary saint, is supposed to have cast a spell over the spring. According to early writers, she was a pious virgin of British Blood Royal, being the daughter of Bragonus, Prince of Brecknockshire and lived about A.D. 490. There is a popular tradition concerning this well that whichever of a newly married couple first drinks a draught from the spring, he or she,

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as the case may be, obtains and holds the supremacy.

An amusing story connected with this tradition is worth recording. It is said that many years ago, after a quiet wedding at the parish church (which, by the way, is about a mile distant from the well), the bridegroom was observed to rush hastily away. After some little time had elapsed, he returned, looking rather untidy, but nevertheless happy—as if he had accomplished some great object.

He met the bride in the porch and she naturally asked where he had been, to which he joyfully replied: "To the Well of St. Keyne." The bride had, however, outwitted him, and after calling him "a regular duffer," told him *she had taken a bottle of the water to church!*

If tradition may be relied on, George III. must have had a weakness for visiting holy wells; at least, such appeared to be the case when he was staying at Weymouth. The "Wishing Well" at Upwey is said to have been visited by him every morning.

The legend concerning this spring is that to "wish" one must first drink of the water, wish, and then throw a little water over the left shoulder. It is particularly stated that it must be the *left* shoulder, but wherefore the writer does not know.

It is not on record whether or not His Royal Highness carried out these instructions.

Another well which is stated to have been frequently visited by King George and his family when sojourning at Weymouth is "Fortune's Well," situate in the village of the same name.

The Black Prince Well at Harbledown,

Where the famous son of Edward III. used to bathe in the hope of curing his leprosy.

The water of St. Telca's Well, near Ruthin, is famous for the cure of epilepsy, and numbers of sufferers are brought thither at sunset to bathe in its clear water. Before leaving the spring it is usual for the patient to throw a coin into the sparkling water, and then walk away from the well backwards, slowly repeating the Lord's Prayer. He then retires into the church near by, where he spends the night in prayer, and by daybreak his cure is supposed to be effected.

The most famous of English holy wells is said to be St. Winifred's, in Cheshire. Certain Christians still make periodical pilgrimages here, so that it is sometimes known as the "English Lourdes." Like a number of the Cornish wells, this one is seen to be within a small chapelry, which was built over the spring in the fifteenth century by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.

Tradition says that the saint was murdered on this very spot by a rejected lover, about the year 500 A.D., and that ever since that time the spring has been found to work miraculous cures.

The well at Harbledown, a picture of which we are enabled to give, bears the name of the Black Prince. One is accustomed to associate the noble warrior with all that is best, and bravest, and noblest; it therefore comes as somewhat of a shock to realise that he was a leper. It was in this well that he used to bathe in order to cure his leprosy. Hence the waters have always been considered to possess wondrous curative properties, and have been sought after by all manner of sick pilgrims. Here, too, the pilgrims washed their feet before entering the city of Canterbury.

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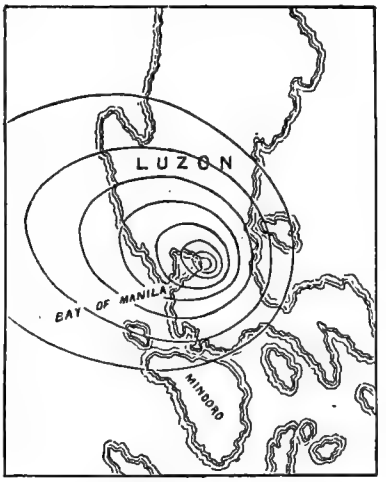
WHAT A TYPHOON CAN DO.

By J. Macfarlane.



Map showing the area of the typhoon.

Manila has suffered many misfortunes. It has been bombarded by battleships, besieged by insurgents, inundated by tidal waves, scourged with cholera, shaken to pieces by earthquakes, and torn and tossed by hurricanes.

One of the most destructive of these occurred in 1882, and the photographs, taken a few days after and here reproduced, give a very complete idea of the devastation.

On the morning of the 20th October of that year, the officials in the Meteorological Observatory at Manila received intelligence of an approaching storm. The barometer, which had been falling steadily, suddenly dropped with alarming rapidity, and messages were hastily despatched to the port authorities to hoist the storm signal, warning the inhabitants of the city and the ships in the bay that a hurricane was at hand. But the people were already convinced of coming disaster, for the bright sun of the morning was gone, obscured behind long streaks of wind-blown vapour that gradually became denser and more leaden in hue. Cloud upon cloud came crowding up, until the whole sky from horizon to horizon was filled with an ominous-looking mass that seemed bursting with electric fluid. So near to the earth did this lie that all the city was enveloped in a perfect darkness, and people, stopping their work, became conscious of the awful stillness of expectancy that precedes disaster.

It was some two hours after the warning was issued that the typhoon broke forth in all its relentless fury and almost in an instant the city and its surroundings became a complete chaos. The storm struck with terrific force, the black sky was rent by blinding sheets of lightning that added to the wildness, but the rattle of the thunder above was drowned by the awful sounds below. The wind shrieked and roared as it tore the roofs from the buildings and wrenched the walls

A house in one of the main streets in the Calzada of Sampaloc

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A street, showing damage done to native dwellings.

asunder. The noise of breaking glass, crackling wood, and crashing of iron mingled with the cries of the terror-stricken natives was deafening. Sheets of galvanised iron and heavy beams were carried long distances and dashed with tremendous force into other buildings; roofs and walls were lifted and blown out and whole buildings would now and then be fairly demolished as they were thrown with a fearful crash into the street.

The violence of the wind was so tremendous that the anemometers of the observatory were broken, the highest velocity indicated by the instruments before that being 114·4 English miles per hour. Such force was, of course, practically irresistible and it is not surprising to find that almost all the public and private buildings in Manila were unroofed or seriously damaged, while nearly all the wooden and straw houses of the natives were entirely destroyed and thousands of families left homeless. Marvellous to relate, although many were injured more or less seriously, very few were killed.

One, a Chinese coolie was running for shelter, when a falling sheet of iron struck him on the back of the neck, completely decapitating him. The English doctor had a curious experience. When he heard the storm approaching, he stepped inside a large roomy wardrobe and dragged his "boy" or native servant with him, hoping thus to avoid the danger of a falling roof. There was a moment of breathless suspense as they listened to the tumult without, a frightful grinding crash close by, when they emerged to find that the wall of the room they were standing in had completely disappeared.

Another European resident had gone into the tobacco factory, leaving his carriage outside. When the hurricane broke upon them he rushed out with the intention of hurrying home, only to find that the carriage had been lifted by the wind and smashed to pieces against the wall, badly injuring both horse and driver. The telegraph lines were all blown down and the streets became impassable owing to the great quantities of *débris* from fallen buildings.

A panoramic view showing —

Google

The military hospital suffered severely and one hundred and sixty patients had to be removed to the convent of San Augustine. Trees were torn up by the roots, windows blown in, huge wooden beams snapped like dry twigs; even stone walls were levelled to the ground, and iron bent, broken or twisted into fantastic shapes, and all the time tiles, splinters of wood and sheets of galvanised iron were flying through the air.

Two more instances of the havoc wrought by the typhoon ——

While all this havoc was being wrought on shore, the ships lying at anchor in the bay or moored by the wharves on the river Pasig were having a perilous experience. A mail packet and some smaller boats sank opposite the Governor's palace. Although all the vessels were riding to both anchors and had paid out long cables, sixteen of them dragged or parted their chains and were driven aground, soon becoming total wrecks and nearly all being completely dismasted. The force of the wind lashed the sea into spindrift which was caught up and carried far over the city like a thick, white, driving mist.

One can well imagine what those on board must have suffered with the ships under them straining and plunging as they were gradually driven ashore, not to mention the danger of falling spars and of broken cordage whipping the wind in all directions. The steamer *Barcelona*, although unable to make anything against the gale, not only managed to maintain her anchor hold by steaming full speed ahead, but was the means of saving several lives. Two native boats, containing men, women, and children, were in imminent peril of foundering close by. During a temporary lull, the captain of the *Barcelona* ordered the lifeboat to be lowered, and manned by a quarter-master and four sailors she put off to rescue the natives. They reached the first boat and got the occupants on board, but it was hard work and risky to get to the second.

They stuck pluckily to their work, however, and finally succeeded in bringing the natives off, although at one time the boats got entangled, and it seemed as if both would go to the bottom. When they got abreast of the steamer, the storm had burst forth again with renewed power, and it was found impossible to go close alongside. Those on board rigged up a basket to the end of a spar, and by this means all were saved, but the last man was scarcely on board before all three boats filled and sank shortly after one another.

A party of seven English sailors who had been on shore

the destruction wrought in the Ermita.

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all the morning were returning to their ship. They had not crossed half the distance when the typhoon burst upon them, and despite their utmost efforts they were being steadily driven in-shore. As the sea rose, their danger increased and they momentarily expected a capsize. Their fears were soon realised, for, as the boat rose on the crest of a wave, the fierce wind caught and tossed her completely over, sending the men headlong into the surging waters below. It was a desperate struggle for life in such a swirling, seething cauldron. The spindrift blinded them, the hurricane dashed the sea in sheets over them, burying them from time to time; but in spite of what seemed an almost hopeless chance, six of the sailors, all strong swimmers, reached the shore in safety, though utterly exhausted, the dead body of the seventh man being washed up some time afterwards.

Another panoramic view, showing the damage done. The ship to the extreme left is ashore.

In the river Pasig, fortunately, no lives were lost, but everything was tied up in inextricable confusion. Ships, coasting schooners, and numbers of small craft were swept from their moorings and smashing against each other, many were stove in and sunk.

Rigging, ropes, spars, and masts became hopelessly entangled, and to make matters worse, a heavy bore passed up the river adding materially to the work of destruction.

On the morning after the typhoon the city presented a scene of indescribable disorder and desolation. As if the inhabitants had not suffered sufficiently, no sooner did the wind drop than rain began to fall. It fell steadily all night, and continued pouring for forty-eight hours, registering nearly 4in. To obtain shelter for wives and families was the first consideration, and those whose property had only been partially damaged, generously threw open their doors to less fortunate friends, and their houses were soon full to overflowing. The natives, of course, were in the most miserable plight. Thousands of them had absolutely no shelter, their food and all their belongings, unprotected from the rain, were soaked and rendered useless. They were thus dependent on the charitable for the very necessaries of life, and it is good to know that none were denied. People of the better class lost heavily, their unroofed and shattered buildings allowing the rain to pour in and ruin much valuable property.

The exterior of the Yangare sugar factory, which building suffered almost the most severely of any.

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whilst to the left of the right hand picture can be seen the ship *Dido* completely dismasted.

Manila did not suffer alone. Bulacan, Pampanga and all the central provinces of the island of Luzon, as shown in the map, were equally devastated. At Bulacan many lives were lost. The extreme force of the hurricane seemed to be felt there, and for days afterwards fresh victims were discovered among the *débris*.

Of the eighty-six storms registered at the Observatory up to that date, this typhoon of 1882 was much the most severe, the only one approaching it in violence being that of 1856, which curiously enough, occurred in the same month of the year.

One cannot help being struck with admiration at the patience of a people who, after such a terrible calamity as this, take their losses and their misfortunes philosophically and begin the world afresh with hopes of better things to come. Only two years before this disaster, Manila was almost shaken to pieces by a severe shock of earthquake which shattered many of the buildings, causing a great number of deaths. And there, indeed, is the point that places the inhabitants between "the devil and the deep sea," for if they build their houses sufficiently substantial to resist the force of an ordinary hurricane, they run the greater danger of death from falling masonry in case of a sudden shock of earthquake, whilst if they construct their buildings of wood, the first typhoon that comes lays them flat.

It is not at all easy, therefore, to chose a style of architecture that will combine the qualities of successful resistance to two of the greatest forces in nature, and the unfortunate citizen has to make up his mind that one of the conditions of his life is to repair or re-build his residence every few years.

It might be thought that after two such visitations as those of '80 and '82 the Manila man had been sufficiently chastened, but his cup of bitterness was not quite full, for within fifteen months of the typhoon, the city and all the surrounding provinces were swept by that malignant scourge, cholera. Again the poor natives suffered almost entirely, and for weeks they were dying off by hundreds. Lately they have had the horrors of war added to their troubles, but it is to be hoped that under the Stars and Stripes a new season of prosperity will be given to this long-suffering people.

The interior of the Yangare sugar factory. This gives an idea of what destruction can be wrought by a typhoon in a few minutes.

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A PLAY FOR CHILDREN

By Arthur Beaumont.

Dramatis Personæ.

Little Snow-white (*the King's daughter*).
The Queen (*her stepmother*).
The Seven Little Dwarfs.
The Prince.
Kaspar the Huntsman.
Attendant on Prince.
Page.

SCENE I.

Queen *in her boudoir, seated before the Mirror, with box of jewels open before her. She tries on a necklace.*

Queen. How beautiful I am! No one can deny that I am the most beautiful lady in the land! The King, my husband, showed his taste when he chose me to be his wife! How he must thank Heaven every day for his good fortune! Any one can see at a glance that Nature intended me to be a Queen—not like that ridiculous girl who was his first wife—she never looked like anything but a milkmaid! I will consult my Mirror—my Mirror always tells the truth.

O Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

Mirror Thou wert the fairest, Lady Queen,
Snow-white is fairest now, I ween.

Queen What is this I hear? Little Snow-white! Insignificant little chit! *She* more beautiful than I! No, I cannot believe it! It is too absurd! But my mirror cannot be mistaken (*jumps up, and walks about*). I will not have it! (*stamps.*) Little Snow-white, indeed! Little wax doll, with glass eyes, and tow for hair! It shall not be so! (*rings; enter* Page.) Tell Kaspar the Huntsman to come here immediately. (*Exit* Page.) Little Snow-white, indeed! I'll soon settle that! We shall see who will be the fairest!

(*Enter* Huntsman.)

Queen. Kaspar, go this instant and take little Snow-white out into the forest; kill her—do you hear me?—kill her, and cut out her heart, and bring it back to me.

Huntsman. Madam!

Queen. Well, what is it? Are you deaf? Did you not not understand what I said?

Huntsman. N—no, your Majesty, I think not.

Queen. Well, I spoke plainly enough! Take her, I say, and kill her—*kill* her!

Huntsman. But, Madam, the King—her father——

Queen. Fellow! Do you not suppose I shall know how to explain it to him? Go at once, and do my bidding!

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HUNTSMAN. Madam, I could not do it.

QUEEN. How! You *could* not! Do you dare to disobey me? Wretch! Do you think I shall not find means to make you obey me? Do you not know that I can have you cut in small pieces to-morrow for your dogs to eat? (*Stamps.*)

HUNTSMAN. Madam, I go. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

A wood. Enter KASPAR *and* SNOW-WHITE *with Dogs.*

SNOW-WHITE. Where are we going, Kaspar?

KASPAR. That I should have been chosen for such an errand! I would rather ten thousand times go away into the forest with this poor child, and never be heard of again—but, alas! I have children of my own; what will become of them if I disobey the Queen?

SNOW-WHITE. Are we going to look for strawberries?

KASPAR. No; there are no strawberries.

SNOW-WHITE. Kaspar, why do you look so stern? Have I done anything wrong? Has the Queen sent you to punish me?

KASPAR. No, dear Princess, you have done nothing.

SNOW-WHITE. Then, why are you angry? Oh, Kaspar, take me home again! I am afraid of this dark wood! (*clinging to his hand.*)

KASPAR. There is no help for it. (*Takes out his knife.*)

SNOW-WHITE. Kaspar, what are you going to do?

KASPAR. Princess, the Queen has commanded me—I cannot disobey her——

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, Kaspar, you are not going to kill me!

KASPAR. Oh, that I had never been born!

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, dear Kaspar, let me live! Do not kill me! I will run away into the forest, and never come back again!

KASPAR. I cannot do it!

SNOW-WHITE. Dear Kaspar, do not kill me! Let me go. (*Weeping.*)

KASPAR. Run away, then, poor child, and may Heaven protect and save you. (*Exit* SNOW-WHITE.) The wild beasts will soon devour her. I shall catch a wild rabbit, and cut out its heart, and take it to the Queen. (*Calls to dogs. Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

Interior of the Dwarfs' Cottage. Seven little beds in a row against the wall. A table, with supper laid out for seven. Seven little stools. Lamp, with matches, on table. (*During this scene the lights should be turned down by degrees, until it becomes dark.*) *Knock at the door. A pause. Enter* SNOW-WHITE.

SNOW-WHITE. There is no one in. Oh, what a charming little house! (*Looks round.*) Surely it can be no harm to come in! (*Sits.*) I am so tired! Who can live here, I wonder? There are seven of them, it appears. (*Looking at*

"Kaspar, go this instant and kill Snow-white!"

Google

"Oh, Kaspar, take me home again! I'm afraid!"

table.) Oh, how hungry I am! Could it be wrong to eat a little bit of their supper? I will take a little bit from each plate; then, perhaps, they will not miss it. (*She does so, and drinks a little from each mug.*) It would not be fair to take all from one. Oh, now I feel better! Their fare is not so dainty as what I have been used to; but all the same, I never enjoyed a supper so much. (*Looks round.*) How tired I am! and how comfortable those little beds look! I think I'll lie down and go to sleep. (*She lies down. It now becomes dark. She sleeps. In a few minutes enter the* SEVEN DWARFS, *with pickaxes and spades, which they set down in a corner.*)

1ST DWARF. How dark it is!

2ND DWARF. Where are the matches? (*One of them strikes a match and lights the lamp.*)

1ST DWARF. Who's been sitting on my chair?

2ND DWARF. Who's been eating off my plate?

3RD DWARF. Somebody's been drinking out of my mug!

4TH DWARF. Who's been using my fork?

5TH DWARF. Who's been cutting with my knife?

6TH DWARF. Who's been eating with my spoon?

7TH DWARF. But there's somebody sleeping in my bed! (*They all come round* SNOW-WHITE *and gaze at her, speechless with admiration.*)

1ST DWARF. How beautiful she is!

2ND DWARF. What perfect features!

3RD DWARF. What a lovely colour!

4TH DWARF. What pretty hair!

5TH DWARF. What exquisitely-shaped hands!

6TH DWARF. Who can she be?

7TH DWARF. She is richly dressed; she must be the daughter of some great man.

1ST DWARF. How can she have come here?

2ND DWARF. Poor child! how tired she looks!

3RD DWARF. If only we could see her eyes!

(SNOW-WHITE *wakes, sits up, and looks round, frightened.*)

1ST DWARF. Do not be afraid, sweet child; we are your friends.

SNOW-WHITE. Where am I? Oh, I remember now! And is this your house?

1ST DWARF. Yes, we live here.

SNOW-WHITE. It was so rude of me to come in without being asked;

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1ST DWARF. Not at all, when there was no one to ask you! If we had been here, we should have asked you to come in.

2ND DWARF. But how have you come here alone?

SNOW-WHITE. My step-mother was angry with me, so she told the Huntsman to take me out into the wood and kill me, but he let me go, so I came here.

3RD DWARF. Are you the King's daughter?

SNOW-WHITE. Yes.

2ND DWARF. And your step-mother is the wicked Queen?

1ST DWARF. Will you stay here and live with us, and keep house for us, and cook our supper while we are out?

SNOW-WHITE. Yes, that I will, and gladly! (*Exclamations of satisfaction from* DWARFS.)

1ST DWARF. But be sure you don't let anyone in, while we're out; we go out every day to dig for ore; for your step-mother will be sure to find out where you are, and to send after you and try to do you some harm.

SNOW-WHITE. I will be very careful.

2ND DWARF. Well, hadn't we better have our supper now? I'm famished! (*They prepare to sit down to supper.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.

QUEEN *at Mirror, decorating herself with jewels.*

QUEEN. There can be no question *now* as to who is the fairest, I think. We shall have no more trouble with that little minx of a Snow-white. "Snow-white is fairest," indeed! I will see what my mirror says now.

O Mirror, Mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

MIRROR. Thou wert the fairest, Lady Queen,
Snow-white is fairest now, I ween,
Amid the forest, dark and green,
She lives with Dwarfs—the hills between.

QUEEN. What is this I hear? Snow-white living! That villain of a Huntsman has deceived me! I will have his head cut off tomorrow. SNOW-WHITE living *still*! In the forest! With Dwarfs! Who could have thought of such a thing? It shall not be! (*Jumps up.*) She shall not live another day! I will find some means—(*thinks for a few minutes*). I have it. (*Pauses, then goes to wardrobe and searches; brings out a long cloak and puts it on; takes off jewels and ornaments*). This will just do. (*Looking at herself in glass.*) Now, if I could find one of my grandmother's old caps. (*Rummages in drawers, throwing contents out on floor*). Here is one. (*Puts it on.*) Now, all I need are some touches of paint. (*Gets out some paint-pots, puts a little red on her nose and cheeks, paints out her eye-brows and some of her front teeth, puts in a few wrinkles.*) Now, some bands of grey hair. (*Her disguise completed, she rises and bows to the audience.*) Now, I'll wager that no one will recognise the beautiful Queen. All I need now is a basket of fal-lals. (*Finds a basket and fills it with trifles; puts it on her arm.*) Who'll buy, who'll buy my pretty things? Come down, my pretty maids, and choose what you please. Here you'll find all that will suit you—laces, pins and needles, brooches, buttons, ribbons. Make haste, or there'll be none left.

"Now I'll wager no one will recognise the beautiful Queen."

CURTAIN.

Google

"Is that too tight for you?"

SCENE V.

Interior of Dwarf's cottage. SNOW-WHITE *preparing table for dinner.*

QUEEN (*outside, in an assumed voice*). My pretty maiden, come and see what I have to sell. (SNOW-WHITE *goes to window and looks out.*)

SNOW-WHITE. It's a pedlar-woman.

QUEEN. Laces, combs and brushes, trinkets, handkerchiefs!

SNOW-WHITE. The Dwarfs said I must not let anyone in.

QUEEN. Won't you come and have a look?

SNOW-WHITE (*to Queen, at window*). I must not let anyone in.

QUEEN. But won't you just come to the door and look at my pretty things?

SNOW-WHITE. She seems a nice old woman. It can be no harm to go to the door and look at her things. (*Goes to door and opens it a crack.*) What are you selling?

QUEEN. Everything, my dear! Everything you can possibly want! Look, here are pretty ribbons to tie up your hair——

SNOW-WHITE. But I mustn't let any one in——

QUEEN. But I needn't come in at all, my dear. (*She keeps pushing the door wider open, by degrees, with her basket, as she talks.*) Here are nice laces, just the thing for you. And if you'll excuse my saying so, my dear, it's a pity to see a pretty girl like you so badly laced. (SNOW-WHITE *looks at her bodice. Enter* QUEEN, *disguised.*) Won't you allow me to try if I can't smarten you up a bit? You've no idea how nice you'd look, if you were properly laced! A few pretty ribbons in your hair, too, and a brooch at your neck! (*She proceeds to unlace* SNOW-WHITE, *and to lace her up again, as tightly as possible.*) Are you sure there's nothing else you're in need of, my dear? I have all sorts of things in my basket.

SNOW-WHITE. Oh!

QUEEN. Is that too tight for you? I'll make it a little looser. (*Pulls the lace tighter.* SNOW-WHITE *falls fainting on one of the beds.* QUEEN *pulls the lace tighter still.*) Now, I think I've done for you this time, my child! Snow-white the fairest, indeed! With her little pink and white baby face! We'll see what the mirror says *now!* Little Snow-white, indeed! We'll have no more trouble with little Snow-white! The Dwarfs will have something to do to wake her out of *that* sleep! (*Exit. After some minutes enter* DWARFS, *with pickaxes and shovels.*)

DWARFS. What has happened to Snow-white?

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3RD DWARF. She is dead!

2ND DWARF. No, she isn't; she's only fainting.

4TH DWARF. Somebody must have been here!

1ST DWARF. This is the Queen's doing, I'll wager!

3RD DWARF. Throw some water on her face!

1ST DWARF. See how tightly she's laced (*opens laces.* SNOW-WHITE *begins to revive.*)

2ND DWARF. Ha! she's coming to! (*She opens her eyes.*)

SNOW-WHITE. Oh! give me air!

1ST DWARF. Open the window (*One of the Dwarfs opens window.* SNOW-WHITE *looks round bewildered.*) Who laced you up so tightly, Snow-white?

SNOW-WHITE. It was a pedlar-woman, who came with a basket of pretty things to sell.

1ST DWARF. But, Snow-white, why did you let her in? We told you not to admit anyone.

SNOW-WHITE. So you did; but she insisted on my looking at her things; and, before I knew it, she had come in.

1ST DWARF. You may be sure it was the Queen herself, and no pedlar-woman!—Now, whatever you do, Snow-white, don't let *any one* in for the future, man, woman, or child! You know how clever your stepmother is, and as long as she lives, you may be sure she'll find some way of doing you harm.

SNOW-WHITE. I'll remember.

CURTAIN.

SCENE VI.

The same. SNOW-WHITE *sitting sewing. She lays down her work.*

SNOW-WHITE. Oh dear! How dull it is, sitting here all day! How I wish I had some one to talk to! (*Tap at window. She goes and looks out.*) It's a poor beggar.

QUEEN. (*Outside.*) Anything you could give to a poor old man, my dear! Haven't broken my fast to-day!

SNOW-WHITE. Poor old man! (*Goes to press to look for scraps; takes out some crusts, and gives them to him at the door.*)

QUEEN. May Heaven reward your kind heart! (*shivering*) Oh, how cold it is to-day! Would you believe it, my dear, I've walked twenty miles to-day, and nobody has asked me to come in and warm myself!

SNOW-WHITE. Poor man, I'm so sorry for you! But I have strict orders not to let any one in.

"I'm a poor pedlar, and I've had no luck to-day."

Google

QUEEN. You're quite right, my dear; there are so many tramps and vagabonds about just now——

SNOW-WHITE. Wait a minute, and I'll give you some nice warm soup. (*Shuts the door, and goes to other end of the stage; pours some soup into a basin and returns and gives it to* QUEEN.)

QUEEN. A blessing on your kind heart, and on your pretty eyes! (SNOW-WHITE *shuts the door, and returns to her sewing.*)

SNOW-WHITE. Poor old man! could it be any harm to ask him to come in and sit by the fire? It is so cold outside! (*Knock at door. She goes to door and opens it a crack.*)

QUEEN. I'm an honest man, my dear, and here's your spoon and your basin. And to show you that I'm grateful as well as honest, I'll ask you to choose something out of my pack—for I'm a poor pedlar, as you see, and I've had no luck at all to-day, else I wouldn't be reduced to begging. (*Pushes door open and enters. She is disguised as an old man, with grey hair and beard, slouch hat, black patch over one eye, crutch, pack strapped to shoulders, which she opens and spreads out.*) Now, what would you like? Here are ear-rings, and buckles, and shoe-strings, and needles and threads—I see you're an industrious girl——

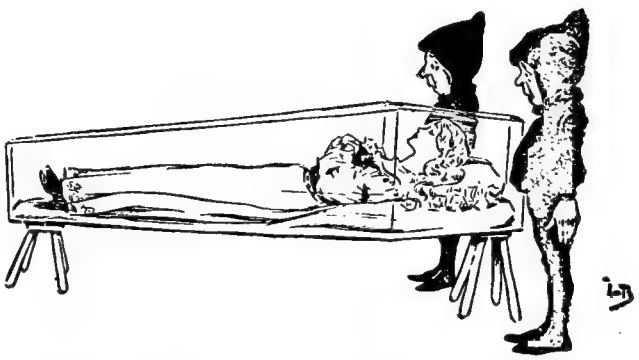
SNOW-WHITE. I think I mustn't take anything, thank you, the Dwarfs told me not to let any one in——

QUEEN. What, nothing at all? That's too bad of you! I'd take it as a favour, if you'd only choose something! What harm could a poor old man like me do you? Now, here's a comb that would just suit you—let me show you how to wear it. (*Sticks it in* SNOW-WHITE'S *hair. She falls, apparently dead.*) Aha, my pretty one! I think I've done for you *this* time! You and your Dwarfs think you're very clever, but you're no match for *me!* You didn't know your own mammie! You thought I was an old *pedlar!* (*Crouching and shivering.*) And as it's so cold, I may just as well warm my hands at the fire. (*Goes to fire and warms her hands. Looks round.*) Nice place this, for the King's daughter to live in! King's daughter, indeed! The King thinks she's dead and buried long ago! She keeps it pretty tidy, too; she evidently takes to the work—just shows what kind of stock she comes of! Perhaps it would be as well to clear out—if the Dwarfs were to come home, I might be just a little *de trop.* (*Goes towards door. Stops to look at* SNOW-WHITE.) Who's the fairest *now*, I wonder? I'll go home and ask my mirror's opinion. Good-bye my dear daughter! (*Exit. After a few minutes, enter Dwarfs.*)

1ST DWARF. What's this? That wicked woman has been here again! (*They gather round* SNOW-WHITE, *unlace her dress, and do all they can to restore her.*)

1ST DWARF. Alas! alas! I fear there is no hope! She has been too successful this time. (*They all begin to weep and lament.*)

ALL. What shall we do? What shall we do!



Snow-white laid out in a glass coffin with white flowers.

Google

"Will you come with me and be my bride?"

1ST DWARF. We will keep her as she is for a few days; perhaps we may yet restore her to life. (*All weep and cry aloud.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE VII.

SNOW-WHITE *laid out in glass coffin, with white flowers. Two Dwarfs in charge. Knock at door. One of the Dwarfs open it. Enter* PRINCE, *with attendant.*

PRINCE. Good sirs, we have lost our way in the forest, and we have come to pray for your hospitality.

DWARF. You are welcome, gentlemen.

PRINCE. Thanks, kind sir. But who is this lovely creature? (*Dwarfs begin to weep and howl.*) Evidently there is no information to be obtained from this quarter.

ATTENDANT (*approaching coffin*). She's A1, whoever she is!

DWARFS (*springing forward*). You shall not touch her!

ATTENDANT. Touch her! How could I, when she is in a glass box!

PRINCE. Dear friends, do not be offended, I pray you, by our curiosity; but the surprising beauty of this maiden——

DWARFS. You may well say so, sir. (*They begin to weep again.*)

PRINCE. Will you not inform us who she is, that we may weep with you?

1ST DWARF. She is the King's daughter.

PRINCE. The King's daughter! And how came she here?

1ST DWARF. By the wicked cruelty of her stepmother, the Queen, who tried to kill her, and has killed her, alas!

PRINCE. But are you quite sure that she is dead? I do not think she is.

1ST DWARF. She has lain there for six days.

PRINCE. Will you allow me to open the lid of the coffin, that I may see.

1ST DWARF. You will not harm her?

PRINCE. No, no! (*Opens lid and lifts up* SNOW-WHITE. *The comb falls from her hair; she begins to revive. He lifts her out of the coffin and places her on one of the beds; rubs her hands, etc. She opens her eyes, sits up, and looks at him.*)

DWARFS. Thank Heaven, she is alive again!

PRINCE. Thank Heaven!

Google

SNOW-WHITE (*to* PRINCE). Who are you?

PRINCE. I am a King's son; I was hunting in the forest, and lost my way.

SNOW-WHITE. Oh, I remember now; an old man came begging, and he stuck a comb in my hair, and then I fainted.

2ND DWARF. The old man was no other than your stepmother! The comb was poisoned. That woman is clever enough for anything!

PRINCE. It is not safe for you to stay here, within reach of that wicked woman. Will you come with me, and be my bride? I will take care that no harm shall befall you. There is nothing that I will not do to make you happy!

SNOW-WHITE. Yes; that I will, and gladly! (PRINCE *kisses her hand.*)

CURTAIN.

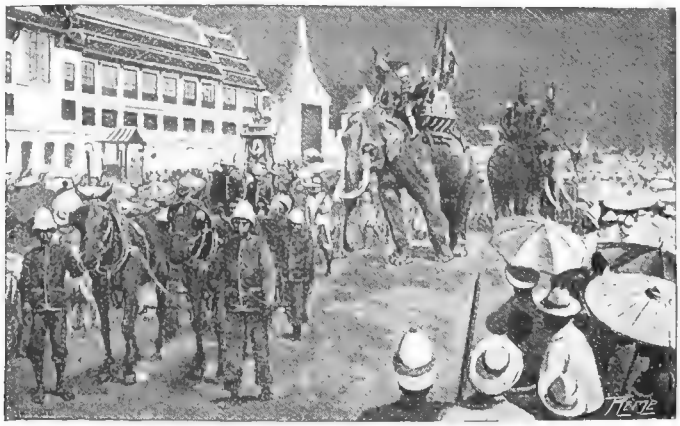
THE SIAMESE NEW YEAR.

BY ERNEST YOUNG.

THE Siamese New Year commences on the First of April, a day singularly inauspicious according to Western superstition. At this time a New Year's cake is extensively made and eaten by the natives. The cakes correspond in some degree to our Good Friday buns or Shrove Tuesday pancakes. Every departed soul returns to the bosom of his family to join invisibly in the national merriment, and to partake, in the spirit, of the festal confectionery. The festivities continue for three days, and during that period the chief amusement is gambling. Games of chance are freely permitted everywhere, and the gambling farmer loses his monopoly for the time being.

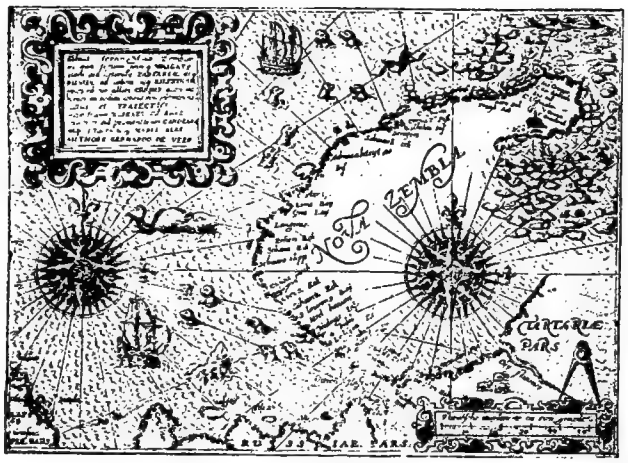
All night long small companies of devoted priests occupy certain stations in the city walls, chanting away any evil spirits who may have intruded within their circumference, and forbidding all others to enter. On the evening of the third day psalms give place to firearms, gongs, drums, tom-toms, and cymbals.

No Siamese holiday is complete without a procession. The New Year's processions take place in the afternoons. As they pass a certain point near the outer walls of the Royal Palace, a man on a high platform sprinkles the passers-by with holy water, and blesses them for the coming year. Every distinctive feature in the national life is represented in these processions. Detachments of soldiers and sailors represent army and navy respectively; buffaloes, rice-ploughs, bullocks and sheaves of rice represent agriculture, and so on. There are bundles of old-fashioned spears and javelins, and several modern quick-firing guns; the so-called "white" elephants, which are of a distinctly dirty bath-brick colour, and yellow-robed, shaven-headed priests from the temples. The long, brilliantly-coloured, sun-lit panorama files slowly past the king or his representative, as it celebrates, in this unique processional fashion, the advent of another year.



The Siamese New Year's celebrations, Bangkok. Procession passing along Palace Road.

Google



The compiler of this map was Gerrit de Veer, the writer of the account of Barentsz's voyage, who accompanied Barentsz on his second and third voyages.

THE FIRST TRUE POLAR VOYAGE

By Caley Wainwright.

The illustrations of this article are reproductions of engravings in a collection of voyages of which the editors and engravers were the famous Brothers de Bry. They abridged the work, which was published by Matthew Becker, Frankfort-on-Main, in 1599.

Whatever have been the triumphs of English pluck and endurance in penetrating the Polar regions, it is left to the Dutch to claim the honour of the first true Polar Expedition embracing a winter in the arctic regions. No mere desire to discover the North Pole or solve any scientific problem prompted the adventurous voyagers. It was undertaken for no other reason than a wish to reach China and Cathay by the shorter (in miles) route of the North-East Passage, and to that end dangers and perils, all the greater for being unknown, were faced with unfaltering courage.

One Balthazar Moucheron, of Zealand, was head of the Society which undertook this enterprise. He received permission from the States-General and Prince Maurice, and four vessels were accordingly equipped, which set sail in 1594, to pass by Norway, Muscovy, and Tartary to China. A skilled mariner of Schelling, William Barentsz by name, was in command, and, under his guidance, the miniature fleet in due course reached Kilduin in Moscow.

The result of this voyage was practically nil. Nova Zembla was certainly reached, but having turned back, the expedition once again arrived at Amsterdam.

Although this first attempt had proved a failure, so far, at any rate, as concerned the voyage north of Nova Zembla, neither the States-General nor the Prince of Orange had abandoned hope for the accomplishment of their great object. Accordingly, another expedition of vessels was fitted out once more, under the command of William Barentsz, with one James Heemskirke as steward. Accompanying the party was one Gerard de Veer, to whom we are indebted for the account of this and the subsequent

During the first voyage made by Barentsz a "fierce and ravenous beare" gripped one of the men by the top of his head whilst he was searching for diamonds (rock chrystals). The animal killed a second man also, but was eventually slain.

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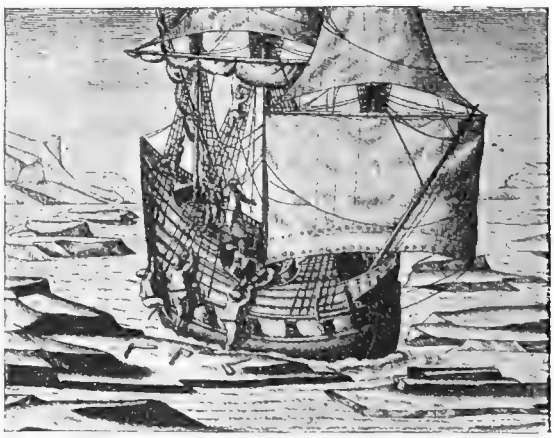
At the outset of the third voyage on June 9th, 1596, the Aurora Borealis was first seen as here depicted.

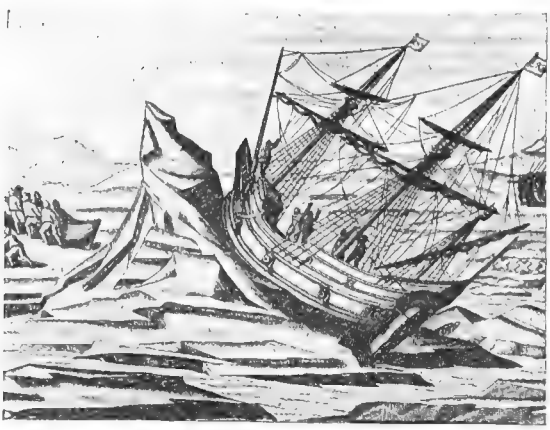
voyage. This second expedition was even less productive of result than the first, and on the 18th of November the fleet again entered the Meuse.

One adventure of which we give an illustration is quaintly recounted by the chronicler of these voyages. He tells us: "The 6th of September some of our men went on shore upon the firme land to seeke for stones, which are a kinde of diamont" (in reality rock crystal), "whereof there are many also in the States Island, and while they were seeking ye stones two of our men lying together in one place a great leane white beare came sodainly stealing out and caught one of them fast by the neck, who not knowing what it was that tooke him by the necke, cried out and said, 'Who is that that pulles me so by the neck?' Wherewith the other, that lay not farre from him, lifted up his head to see who it was, and perceiving it to be a monsterous beare, cryed and sayd, 'Oh, mate, it is a beare!' and therewith presently rose and ran away."

Some thirty of the unfortunate man's companions attempted a rescue, but the bear laying hold of one tore him into pieces. The rest ran away, and awaited reinforcements from the ship. These presently arrived "to relieve our men," as the chronicler continues, "when being on land, we beheld the cruell spectacle of two dead men that had become so cruelly killed, and torne in pieces by the beare. Wee seeing that incouraged our men to goe



Whilst nearing Nova Zembla Barentsz's ship was caught in a driving pack, and, suddenly freeing herself, nearly drowned three men.



On August 27th the ship, held fast in the ice, whence she never escaped, was tilted to a most dangerous angle. Eventually she was righted.

back againe with us, and with pieces, with axes, and half-pikes, to set upon the beare; but they would not all agree thereunto, some of them saying, 'Our men are already dead, and we shall get the beare well enough, though we oppose ourselves not into so much danger; if wee might save our fellowes' lives then we would make haste, but now wee neede not make such speede, but take her at an advantage, with most security for ourselves, for wee have to doe with a cruell, fierce, and ravenous beast.'"

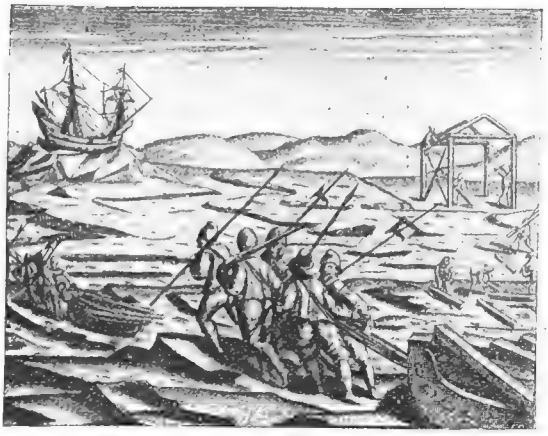
It is satisfactory to know that the result of the combat was the slaughter of the "ravenous beast."

In 1596 William Barentsz commenced his third voyage. Neither the

Google

States General, nor the Prince of Orange, would lend countenance to this undertaking, and to the city of Amsterdam belongs the entire credit. Two vessels were fitted out, of one of which William Barentsz was chief pilot, and in reality commander-in-chief, with James Heemskerke as factor for the merchandise, whilst Cornelison Rijp was in charge of the other ship.

On the 10th of May the adventurous little expedition set forth. Sailing in a northerly and north-easterly direction, the adventurers on June 4th saw, apparently for the first time, the marvels of the Aurora Borealis—a picture of which, as drawn by the old chronicler's artist, we reproduce. In the same picture is represented a view of a terrific combat with a bear, which resulted in its death without any serious mishap to the hunters.



The approach of winter induced the voyagers to build a hut on shore, for they doubted the ship's ability to withstand the ice-pressure.

The interior of the hut. The barrel is a vapour-bath The remains of this hut were actually discovered in 1876, and a letter written by Barentz was found in a powder-horn.

Meanwhile, the ships had entered the ice regions, and on July 1st Cornelison and Barentsz parted company, the former steering north, while Barentsz pursued a southerly direction, and it is with him our narrative is concerned.

Fierce gales assailed the frail little ship, and frequently she was in eminent risk of being crushed by the ice. On one occasion, as the men were labouring to free the ship, the ice broke away, and three of the crew only just saved their lives by leaping into the chains and shrouds and being hauled aboard.

After rounding the northernmost corner of Nova Zembla, the ice, in a bay called "Ice Haven," closed on the vessel, and gradually she was forced out of the water. At first she lay at a dangerous angle with her bows in the air. However, the ice was gradually cleared, and the ship brought to a more satisfactory position. With crowbars and axes the crew endeavoured to entirely clear the ice, which threatened to crush the vessel, but all to no purpose. With irresistible force it closed round "so that all the whole ship was borne up and squeezed, whereby all that was both about and in it began to crack, so that it seemed to burst in a hundred pieces, which was most fearful both to see and heare, and made all ye hair of our heads to rise upright with feare."

This picture shows the exterior of the hut, and also a number of traps for catching animals. The men are skinning a bear, which yielded 100lb. of fat, of infinite value for their lamps.

Google

With the approach of summer came the desire to return to Holland. The vessel being fast in the ice it was decided to attempt the journey in open boats, the gunwales of which were accordingly raised.

It speaks volumes for the workmanship of that old-time craft that she should so stoutly have resisted the terrific strain put upon her. Time after time the little band of men scrambled off her thinking her end had come, and with dogged perseverance they would return. They restored the broken rudder and caulked the timbers, and meanwhile prayed for a release—a release that never came. Gradually they realised the unlikelihood of the ship freeing herself, and, with indomitable pluck, they commenced to build a hut out of the drift wood they collected.

By November 4th the sun had disappeared, the long winter night had commenced, and the men set to work to make themselves comfortable in their hut. A fire was kept burning, bunks were built, and the surgeon rigged up a vapour bath, made out of a wine cask, which proved a valuable means of preserving the health of the party.

The crazy dwelling, however, was quite unable to ward off the bitterness of the arctic cold. All manner of means of promoting warmth were devised, but to little purpose. Great fires of wood were made, hot stones and balls were laid by the men on their bodies, yet, notwithstanding this, the bunks or "cabins" were every day frozen white, whilst, in fact, "it was so extreame cold, that the fire almost cast no heate; for as we put our feet

On June 13th, 1597, after spending ten months in the hut, the two little boats were launched and the journey commenced.

More than once they had to haul the boats on to the ice. The two sick men are Barentz himself and a young relation of his, both of whom died on this ice floe.

to the fire we burnt our hose before we could feele the heate, so that we had work inough to do to patch our hose."

Towards the end of May, daylight having returned, preparations were made to abandon the ship, still firmly fixed in the ice, and to journey in small open boats back to civilisation. To this end one frail craft was dug out of the snow and the men set to work to heighten the gunwales, using for the purpose the planks from the roof of the house. In addition to this larger boat there was a smaller skiff, which was also strengthened and raised round the gunwale.

On the 13th June the desperate undertaking of returning in these two open boats was commenced. Prior to

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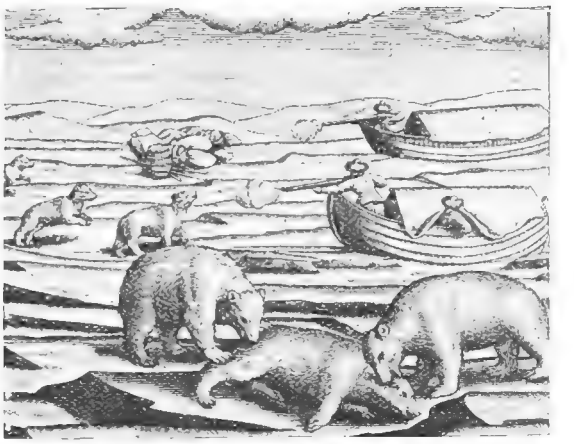
starting, William Barentsz, who was on the sick list, wrote a letter and placed it in a powder horn which he hung up in the chimney of the hut. In 1876 a Mr. Gardiner, in his yacht, found the ruins of the old hut, and in the powder flask he discovered this letter of Barentsz. Though much decayed it was with the exception of a few words, perfectly legible, and proved to be a record of the voyage entirely in accord with De Veer's account, and signed by Heemskirke and William Barentsz. For about three hundred years it had lain in those silent inhospitable solitudes.

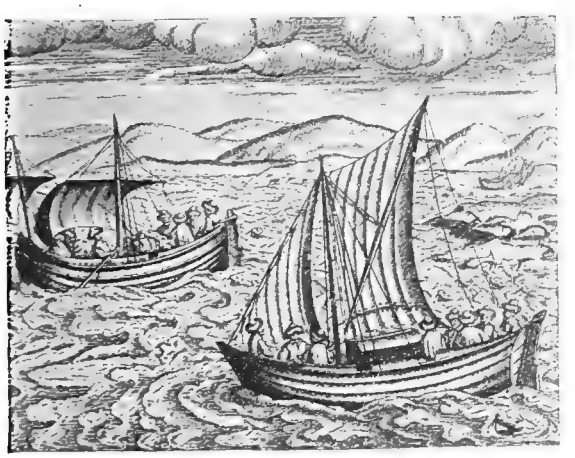
Leaving Ice Haven, the two boats sailed in a north-easterly direction until stopped by ice. The ice opened, however, and fair progress was made around the northernmost extremity of Nova Zembla. Once more, however, the boats were threatened with ice that "came so fast upon us that it made our haires stand upright upon our heades." Eventually, chiefly owing, according to De Veer, to his own bravery, the boats were hauled on to the ice and were out of immediate danger. On the drifting pack, these men mended and patched their boats, and made preparations for a fresh start. Death, however, had laid hands on the chief of their number and stepped in to claim his own.

On June 20th, at 7.30 a.m., William Barentsz died. He had been ailing, but that morning he seemed more than usually well. He was talking to De Veer, when suddenly he grew silent, and behold he was dead. It was a blow sorely felt by the little party, for as the old chronicler puts it, he was "the chief and only pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God."

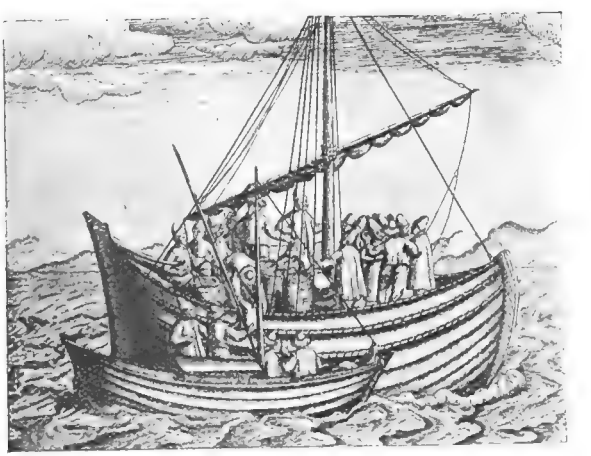
They buried him, and then once more the two open boats sailed southwards. Time and time again they had to be hauled on to the ice, and repaired and re-launched, whilst more than one of the heroic band died of want and exposure. At length, on July 28th, St. Laurence Bay, or Sconce Point, was reached, and there two Russian boats were discovered with a number of men working on the land, and at their hands



Frequently the expedition was attacked by bears, and escaped with difficulty.



This picture shows the two open boats journeying along the coast of Nova Zembla towards Russia.



After incredible hardships the remnant of the expedition fell in with a Russian ship. They were kindly treated and their stock of provisions replenished, enabling them to continue their voyage.

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the wearied voyagers were tended and treated with every kindness.

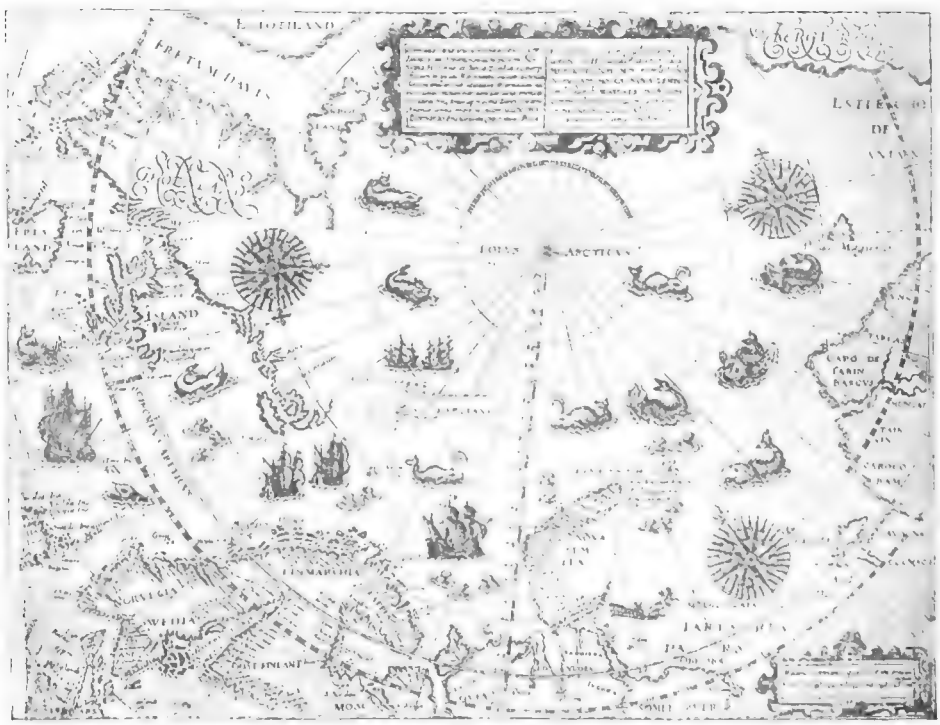
Curiously enough, these Russians, or some of them, had boarded the vessel on the second voyage, and the small kindnesses they had received at the hands of the Dutchmen had not been forgotten.

The difficulties and troubles of the adventurers were, however, not yet ended.

In company with the Russians the journey was continued, but the boats of the former were lost in the night, and once more the two shallops were adrift in unknown and unkind waters. At length, almost overcome by hunger and exposure, the Russian coast was sighted. Hugging this and occasionally sighting Russian boats, Heemskirke and his men on September 1st, reached the inlet, or river as De Veer terms it, of Coola or Kola. Here on the following day, John Cornelison's ship was found. On October 6th, the homeward voyage was commenced, and on November 1st the battered remnants of the expedition reached Amsterdam.

With wild astonishment and amazement were they greeted, for long since had they been given up for dead. And when the news of the return was brought to the Prince's Court at the Hague, nothing but an immediate sight of such travellers would satisfy his Highness. Forthwith they were fetched, and on that winter's evening 301 years ago the first true arctic explorers recounted to their ruler the wondrous adventures and fearful hardships they had undergone. What a curious scene that banquetting hall must have presented. We learn that the travellers were summoned to appear just as they were in their battered, weatherbeaten condition. He was proud of his brave fellow countrymen, was the Prince, and he quickly set them at their ease whilst gleaning from them the details of their adventures and sufferings. And they told them—told them with the simplicity of brave men and with all the childish exaggeration of their superstitions.

Yet in the hour of their triumph and welcome there was the touch of a great sorrow. For the moving spirit, the great pilot, was not amongst them. In lonely icebound regions he was sleeping his last sleep, his requiem the icy northern blasts, his shroud the drifting floes of endless ice. But lost to all human knowledge though that grave may be, the name of William Barentsz is writ large on the roll of the world's intrepid explorers.



This quaint old map was drawn by William Barentsz himself. It is the first map in which the track of Barentsz in his third voyage is shown. Published 1599.

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SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR PARENTS

His Father.

Sir Charles Dilke.

His Mother.

His Father.

King of Denmark.

His Mother.

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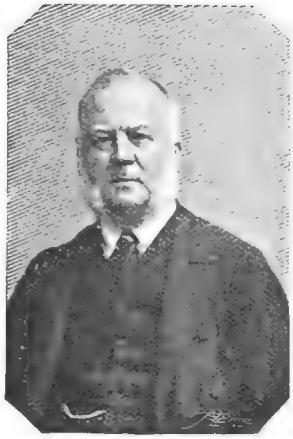
His Father.



Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

His Mother.

His Father.

The Chief Rabbi.

His Mother.

His Father.

Rev. Baring Gould.

His Mother.

Google

His Father.

Sir Arthur Arnold.

His Mother.

Her Father.

Miss Mabel Love.

Her Mother.

His Father.

Prince Victor Napoleon.

His Mother.

Photos by London Stereoscopic Co., Hansen & Weller, H. Hayman, J. R. Browning, Disdéri, J. Oricelly, Williams, Russell & Sons, Elliott & Fry, C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and London Photograph Co.

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By W. Binnie.

In our police we have a standing civil army which commands from us the deepest respect; whilst from strangers to our shores admiration and surprise are the constant comment on the admirable manner in which our guardians of the law carry out their difficult and arduous duty. From time immemorable "Robert" has been fair game for all sorts of chaff in every direction, and perhaps it is just as well that the light side of the situation should be brought into play, for, in conscience, there is quite enough of the darker shadows in the life of a policeman. From the time he leaves his station, and takes up his beat, he holds his life in his hands.

Photo by W. Baker.

P.C. Bennett.

> Over the stones rattle his bones,
> He's only a policeman,
> Whom nobody owns,

is the tenour of the sentiment conveyed towards "Robert" by certain gentlemen of well-known repute in magisterial circles; and, unfortunately, it is too often the tragic truth that some poor fellow has nearly lost his life in a deadly struggle against fearful odds with cowardly ruffians. In the dead of the night when all the world is sleeping our faithful sentry is there ready to risk his life in his duty to guard us and our property; and as a rule he is very indifferently armed against the burglars' deadly revolver and other weapons, jemmies, etc., which those gentry use with playful recklessness when disturbed on "business."

But, apart from all the dangers of a policeman's life in his ordinary duty, the following few cases tend to show in splendid colours a few samples of the men we have in the "Force." Fortunately, there is no lack of appreciation from "Robert's" superiors when the occasion

Photo by Dann & Co.

P.C. Scotcher.

Google

Photo by W. Wright.

P.C. Pennett.

Constable Bennett, and Police-constable Scotcher.

P.C. BENNETT.

Police-Constable William Bennett, of the Birmingham police, holds the silver medal awarded for great gallantry and presence of mind displayed on June 13th, 1897, in rescuing three men from a cellar belonging to a tavern in Lawley Street, Birmingham. The men were discovered lying unconscious from the effects of the poisonous gas generated by beer in the process of fermentation. Constable Bennett, after having succeeded in bringing the men out of the cellar, resorted to artificial respiration, and brought the men round before the arrival of the doctor, who stated that, but for Constable Bennett's prompt and courageous action, the lives of the three men would have been lost. Bennett was himself very much exhausted by his exertions in the poisonous atmosphere.

POLICE-CONSTABLE ARTHUR JAMES SCOTCHER.

Police-Constable Arthur James Scotcher, of the Reading Borough Police, was awarded a bronze medal for courageous conduct displayed on September 21st, 1897, in stopping a runaway horse attached to a cart which was proceeding along Great Knollys Street, Reading, the street being crowded with people proceeding to the Fair ground. But for Police-Constable Scotcher's heroic conduct in stopping the progress of the runaway horse, serious injuries and probable loss of life would have resulted. Scotcher was himself knocked down, and one of the wheels of the cart passed over his thigh, which necessitated his laying up for two or three weeks.

POLICE-CONSTABLE WILLIAM PENNETT.

About one o'clock a.m., on the 25th November, 1890, Constable Pennett being on duty on Tower Hill, saw a man throw himself into the Thames, apparently with the idea of committing suicide. He at once divested himself of lamp and belt, and, without waiting to take off his uniform, jumped into the river, seized hold of the struggling man, and gallantly rescued him. The night was dark. The magistrate who investigated the case strongly recommended the constable's courage and presence of mind. The Silver Medal was awarded to Constable William Pennett.

Photo by Mitcham Photo Co.

Sergeant Jenkins.

SERGEANT JOHN JENKINS.

Constable John Jenkins, as he then was, was on duty on Waterloo Bridge, at 2.45 a.m., on the 14th July, 1882, when he saw a man mount the parapet and throw himself into the river. Without hesitation, the constable unfastened his belt and jumped from the bridge after him. Notwithstanding a determined resistance on the part of

Photo by Lander Bros.

P.C. O'Connor.

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the would-be suicide, Constable Jenkins succeeded in seizing the man and supporting him above water until both were picked up some distance down the river by a boat which was promptly sent down from the Thames Police Station. The danger incurred in this rescue may be fairly estimated when it appears that the height jumped was 43ft., the tide was running out under the arches at the rate of six miles an hour, and a thick mist covered the river, so much so as to render it impossible to see any object in the centre of the river from either side. The place where the men entered the water was 170 yards from shore.

From a Photo.

Sergeant Bryant.

A BRAVE DUBLIN POLICEMAN.

On June 10th, 1897, shortly after 10 o'clock, a large crowd was attracted to Nelson's Pillar, as it was observed that a man on the top was endeavouring to get over the railings. When it was seen what the man intended, needless to say the crowd became very excited. Meanwhile, Police-Constable O'Connor (106 C) made his way to the top of the pillar, for the purpose, if possible, of securing that the man should not do away with himself. While Constable O'Connor was climbing his way up the winding stairs of the pillar, accompanied by the keeper, the man on top first threw down his stick and immediately his hat followed. It is also stated that he made an attempt to throw his coat down. The man turned out to be a farmer named Richard Jones, from County Carlow, giving his address as Clonskeagh House, Hacketstown.

Photo by W. Wright.

P.C. Rowe.

When the keeper and O'Connor reached the place where Jones was, they found it necessary to secure him in order to prevent his getting over the railings. This led to an exciting scene on top of the pillar. Jones is a strongly built man, not more than 26 years of age, and when the attempt was made to tie him down, he resisted with all his might, and even tried to throw the constable over the railings. In this effort he found himself over-matched, and, being eventually placed on the broad of his back, he was tied to the railings by a piece of rope, which fortunately was at hand, and there he was obliged to remain until 106 C received reinforcements. After a brief interval, four men of the C division arrived, and then there was much trouble in dealing with Mr. Jones. He resisted every step of the way down, but, as may be imagined, this was an entirely useless effort. He was eventually placed in the Store Street station.

SERGEANT BRYANT.—P.C. ROWE.

At the Bow Street Police Court Superintendent Cole, of the E division, introduced to Sir John Bridge, Police Sergeant Bryant, 7 E, and Police-Constable Rowe, 444 E, who had been recommended by the Commissioner of Police as fit and proper persons to be

Photo by C. Hanff

Superintendent Whincup.

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rewarded for bravery. Sir John Bridge, addressing Bryant and Rowe, said: "I may tell you, Mr. Cole, that I know all the facts of the case, Sir Edward Bradford, the Commissioner of the Police, having furnished me with a full report. From this I gather that on the night of February 1st there was a fire in Judd Street. Sergeant Bryant heard cries for assistance, and, owing to his promptitude, escape and engine were soon on the spot. The house was soon in flames, but the officers before me ascended the stairs several times, and by their bravery and exertion rescued everyone in the house. But Police-Constable Rowe—a very brave officer—was not satisfied. He thought someone might have been overlooked—a baby perhaps—so, at great risk, he again went to the top of the house. He could find no one to save, and was about to go below when he found the staircase was in flames. His retreat was thus cut off, but fortunately for himself, and fortunately for the public whom he lives to serve, he was active enough to get through a window and climb on the roof. The only cause for regret is that he injured his hand, and Superintendent Cole informs me that in consequence he is still on the sick list. That is why I am going to give him £10, whilst the Sergeant will receive £5. Magistrates, like the police, have pleasant as well as unpleasant duties to perform. One of the most pleasant duties I have to perform is to reward brave policemen. The money I am now about to give away comes from a fund established many years ago by Mr. Whiting, who, alas, is now dead. He had a great admiration for the police, and thought that rewards of this kind would stimulate them to extra exertion when their services would be specially required. I am sure that if he had been alive he would have been glad to see his money given to such brave men as I now see before me. I have much pleasure in handing you cheques for the sums I have mentioned; and I hope that both of you will have prosperous careers."

Photo by W. Ash.

Sergeant Brogan.

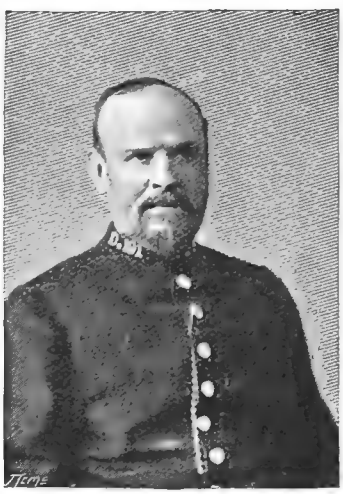

Photo by Mons. Louis.

P.C. White.

Sir John Bridge was right when he referred to Rowe as "a very brave officer." Such men are indeed heroes."

THOMAS WHINCUP, SUPT. W.R.C., PONTEFRACT.

Thomas Whincup, Superintendent, West Riding Constabulary, Pontefract, is the proud possessor of the bronze medal awarded for conspicuous conduct and presence of mind, displayed on July 15th, 1897, in rescuing a woman who had slipped down under the footboard of an incoming excursion train at Baghill Station, Pontefract. The superintendent threw himself down on the platform, and at great personal risk, held the woman clear of the rails till the train stopped. He was severely bruised by the passing train.

Photo by Clements & Co.

P.C. Moule.

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SERGEANT BROGAN AND CONSTABLE WHITE.

Sergeant Brogan and Constable White displayed great courage in rescuing a woman from fire at 66, Upper Gloucester Place, W. The smoke was almost suffocating, and it was at the peril of their lives that they brought her safely to the street. They were both rewarded by the Royal Society for Protection from Fire, and also by the Chief Commissioner.

Photo by Alfred Coe.

P.C. Morfitt.

POLICE-CONSTABLE MOULE.

Police-Constable Moule, whilst on duty on Hammersmith Bridge, was informed that a child, nine years of age, who proved to be a crippled boy, was drowning. Without the slightest hesitation, he jumped in with his full uniform, swam to the boy, and saved him, a strong tide running at the time. Police-Constable Moule also exhibited great courage in stopping a runaway horse in Church Road, Barnes.

Photo by Mansion House Photo Co.

P.C. Gowing.

POLICE-CONSTABLE JAMES MORFITT.

Whilst on duty on the 12th ult., Police-constable Morfitt was informed that a woman —Eliza Morrell—was in bed drunk at a house in Captain Street, Bradford, and that the house was on fire. Morfitt hurried to Captain Street, which is situated amongst a mass of dilapidated slums. Arriving there, he found a large crowd around the house, No. 34, from the roof of which flames were pouring. Dashing into the house, Police-Constable Morfitt rushed upstairs into the burning room.

The following is his own account of the affair, as recorded in the books of the Police Department:

"I found the bedroom full of smoke, and the bed and furniture in flames. I heard someone groaning. I called out: 'Where are you?' and got a reply: 'Here.' I crept along the bedroom floor towards the sound, but was compelled to go back to the door on account of the smoke and heat, my face and hands being burned. I ran downstairs, and called for some men to come, and carry some water. I took a bucket of water up, and threw it on the burning furniture. I then went into the room again, but was driven back by the heat and smoke. I threw several buckets of water on to the burning mass, then went in again, and got to the window, which I broke with my staff. I then went to the bed, but could not find the woman, and I was compelled to go back to the door again. I got some water, and threw it on the burning furniture. I then crept along the bedroom floor towards the bed, and found the woman crouching in a corner, unconscious. Her clothing was on fire, and I put it out. I carried her to the door, and Police-Constable

Photo by Parisian School of Photography.

P.C. Dancy.

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Marshall assisted me to carry her downstairs into the kitchen."

The Watch Committee conferred upon Police-Constable Morfitt the Merit Badge, which carries a monetary value of two shillings per week, and he also received the Royal Fire Medal.

JOSEPH DANCY AND GEORGE GOWING.

On August 4th, 1897, when Police-Constable Joseph Dancy was on his way homeward he noticed dense smoke issuing from 113, Drury Lane. He raised an alarm, and woke the inmates. In the meantime the fire made rapid progress, and, gaining a hold of the staircase, cut off all egress. Police-Constables Dancy and George Gowing proceeded to the rear of the blazing building, and, gaining a half-roof, managed to lower three persons to the ground. Having their attention called to a woman in an upper room, Dancy climbed the gutter pipe, and, gaining the room, found the woman unconscious beside the bed. He carried her to the window, and lowered her to Police-Constable Gowing. While effecting these rescues he was injured by a quantity of brickwork which fell on him. A cry was raised that there were other people in the house, and Police-Constable Gowing ascended to the window, entered the room, and proceeded once more to the front of the house on his hands and knees. He found it impossible, however, to force the door of Mrs. Mary White's and her daughter's apartments, and ultimately was forced to withdraw, owing to the progress the fire was making around him. The unfortunate women were both burnt to death. At the inquest both coroner and jury bore testimony to the great gallantry these brave fellows had displayed. In addition to being decorated with the Society's medal, Sir John Bridge presented each constable with a cheque for £10 from the fund maintained at Bow Street for the reward of brave policemen.

Photo by F. Jenkins.

P.C. Nichol.

POLICE CONSTABLE W. NICHOL.

Police-constable Nichol, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, is the recipient of the certificate of the "Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire" and a "merit badge," awarded to him for his plucky conduct at a fire, which occurred at a dwelling-house in Church Street, Workington.

POLICE-CONSTABLE TREASURE.

It appears that about 5.15 a.m. one morning, a man heard some window smashing in Alma Place, and on looking out saw someone turn the corner sharply. An examination was made, and it was discovered that the window of a shop had been smashed, and two tins of biscuits stolen.

With the biscuits tied up in a large handkerchief the man apparently made his way down Bristol Road and then into Hempsted Lane. Here he was met by P.C. Treasure in plain clothes. The constable at once noticed the bulky character of the bundle, and having his suspicions aroused made enquiries as to the parcel. The explanations being unsatisfactory, the constable said the man would have to go with him to the police-station.

Photo by F. A. S. Davey.

P.C. Treasure.

The prisoner proceeded quietly, when suddenly, though handcuffed, he rushed down the river bank, and deliberately jumped into the water. P.C. Treasure did not hesitate for a moment, but pluckily went in after him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in bringing the man ashore, in spite of his efforts to drown the policeman.

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WHERE GRINDSTONES ARE MADE.

By C. H. Hewitt.

AMONGST my earliest reflections is a memory of an old garden, with its tool shed, and, on a decaying wooden frame, a well-worn grindstone with uncouth iron handle. A little later in life, I was proud to turn—for five minutes!—another stone while the joiner ground his plane-iron. But it was not for years after that practical acquaintance that I knew how grindstones were made, or where they came from. When I did, when I first saw the process of manufacture step by step, it struck me as being so quaint and old-fashioned in many ways, and yet withal so admirably adapted in every way to the production of the desired result, that I felt others would like to know from words and pictures, what they might be unable actually to see.

So with note-book and pencil, with camera and plates, I repaired to the grindstone quarry, and I am going to tell you as far as possible some of the things I saw.

I start from Newcastle-on-Tyne, for Newcastle is famous for its grindstones, which are shipped from the smoky Tyne to all parts of the world, and as I spin along on my machine through country once beautiful, but now almost spoilt by coal-pits and cinder-tips, I think about the raw material from which the grindstone is made.

Perhaps every schoolboy knows that along with the coal, in almost all the English coalfields, are thick beds of sandstone, varying from the intensely hard "millstone grit" of Derbyshire to a fine freestone. In certain places this sandstone possesses qualities which fit it for being made into grindstones. A sharpness of the sandy particles, and those particles firmly held together so that the stone may not too rapidly wear out; a uniformity of substance, and a comparative freedom from flaws and splits in the blocks as they are dislodged; these are some of the qualities the quarry owner seeks in the stone, and another important point is that the quarry shall provide blocks large enough to make the biggest grindstones. In some quarries, unfortunately for the owners, the stone cannot be quarried in pieces of large size. One of the districts, and perhaps the most important, where the stone possesses many of these desirable qualities, is three or four miles south of Newcastle, and the neighbourhood is dotted over with grindstone quarries, some of them disused or worked out, and others in full swing.

But my ride is over now, for, having arrived at a quarry which, to judge by the clinking of hammers, is certainly not disused, I dismount, and inquiring where the foreman or "quarry-master" is to be found, am directed to the engine and boiler house.

I explain to him what I want, and he offers no objection to my rambling about at "my own sweet will," and I may photograph anything I like.

So I scramble down a sloping pathway which brings me on to a platform of rock where several men are at work, and in a minute or two I am chatting away with a

General view of the quarry. The dark hole at the right hand side is a part where the stone has been worked down a "joint" to a depth of a hundred feet.

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Part of the quarry which has been worked, and now used for tipping rubbish down. Shewing the "joint," or flat wall, of rock down which the stone has been quarried.

quarryman who hails from the "land o' cakes."

He is a typical old Scotchman, too, and retains the northern accent, although, as he tells me, he has been on the south side of the Border these thirty years. In spite of the fact that his wife is English, and one almost fancies that there is a shade of regret that this should be so, he goes to see Loch Lomond every year, and probably when he crosses the Cheviots he says with as much patriotism as would satisfy even the great Sir Walter:

"This is my own, my native land."

"How is it," I ask, "that this side of the quarry is so flat and smooth?"

"That's what we call a 'joint,'" he says; "it helps us to get out the stone; it's where the clay has got down."

I remember now that geologists would call it a "fault," for it is a break in the strata, and into the crack or fissure which has been caused by some subterranean upheaval in the far distant ages, the clay has been washed. And I remember, too, that these very "faults" in colliery workings are called by the miners "troubles," because they so often throw the bed of coal up or down, and an expensive game of hide-and-seek has to be played before the black diamonds are got at again.

The miner's "trouble" and the quarryman's "joint" have the same cause, proving the truth of the old proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

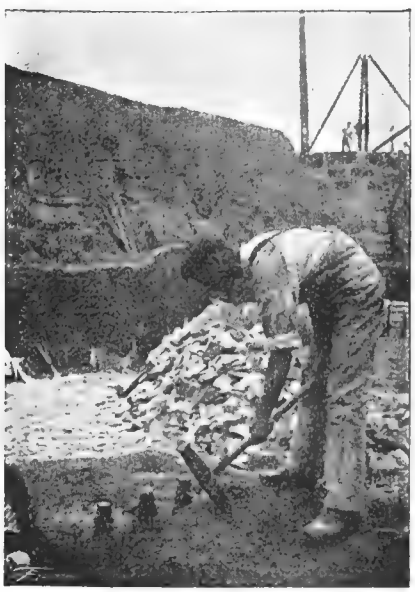
While these thoughts are running through my mind, the quarrymaster appears on the other side, and my *cicerone* calls across:

"I'm just gieing him a bit o' information, Jabez."

After getting the few 'bits o' information' as a sort of guide, I begin to take my photographs, endeavouring to get as complete a set as possible, illustrating the process from beginning to end.

The stone is quarried in the ordinary way, by drilling and firing a shot, the two pounds of powder used dislodging huge blocks, which require to be moved by the aid of long and heavy crowbars, and broken into more manageable and useful sizes by means of wedges. I am fortunate in finding some of the men at work on these large blocks. With a sharp pointed pick a little groove is chipped into the block, on the line across which it is to be broken, and a wedge or wedges inserted. A few heavy blows with the hammer, and the huge block of stone is cleft in two. In this way it is reduced to a size approximately near to that of the grindstone which is to be shaped from it, and it is the watching of this shaping, chipping, hewing and turning that is the most interesting part of my visit.

Before any shaping work is commenced



Workman about to break a huge block in two pieces, by means of three wedges inserted in small grooves chipped out.

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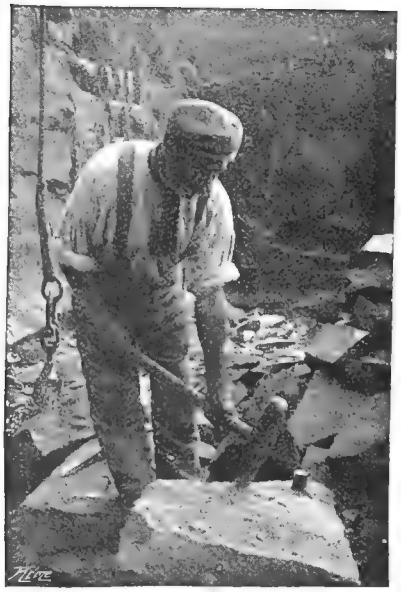


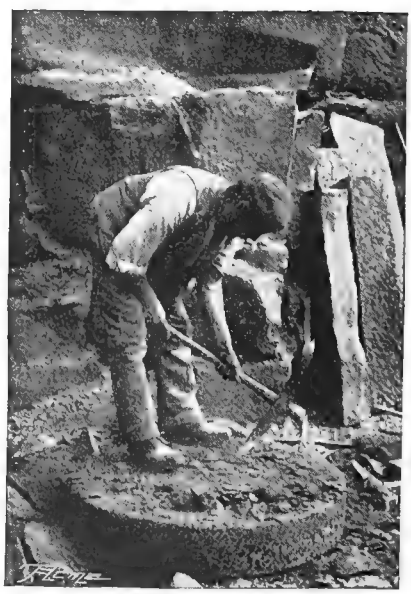
Small wedge inserted in small groove chipped in stone. Shews the workman just about to strike wedge and so break off corner of block.

the stone is carefully examined for possible flaws. The grindstone with a crack in it is a terrible source of danger. Revolving in some factory many thousand times a minute, a sudden split would cause the broken pieces to be hurled with frightful velocity, destroying life and property. So the worker in the quarry guards the life and interest of his brother worker elsewhere, whom he does not even know. Besides, many of these quarrymen I find work "on piece" and so take care that as few stones as possible shall break in two through some flaw, when they have been half finished.

Michael Angelo is credited with having possessed the ability to carve a statue out of a solid block of marble straight away. These quarrymen do not attempt to carve without some guide, but it is astonishing how little guide they need. With a pair of very primitive compasses, a circle is described on the flat side of the block of stone, according to the size of the grindstone required, and they vary from six inches to six feet in diameter, and then the *modus operandi* depends on the size The smaller blocks are reduced roughly to shape by knocking off the superfluous corners with the square end of the pick-hammer. If, however, the block is a large one, it is necessary to break off the corners by means of a wedge, inserted in a chipped groove, in the same way as the blocks of stone are reduced in size. After the grindstone is roughly shaped out in this way the point of the pick is brought to bear upon the various surfaces, and the stone is hewn, the tool being used just as a joiner uses the now old-fashioned adze. I get one of the workmen to pause for a moment just as he has struck a blow, and photograph him. The pick is not raised more than eight or ten inches from the stone, and is brought down with little more than its own weight.

A very interesting feature strikes me in connection with this chipping. It was by an almost exactly similar method that the "hewn stone" used in the construction of many of our early ecclesiastical buildings was wrought into shape, and an examination of the tool marks on some of the masonry in crypts, as at Gloucester Cathedral and elsewhere, where the original early church is in existence, reveals a striking similarity to the marks on these partly finished grindstones.

After the chipping is complete, the stone is drawn to the surface by the steam crane. The workmen are busy removing the crane and re-erecting it in another corner, and they tell me with evident pride in their quarry that I ought to come again when the crane is fitted up and in working order. The steam crane has displaced the old derrick worked by hand, and this is one of the few places where the modern has superseded the old fashioned.



Workman chipping or hewing the flat side of a grindstone.

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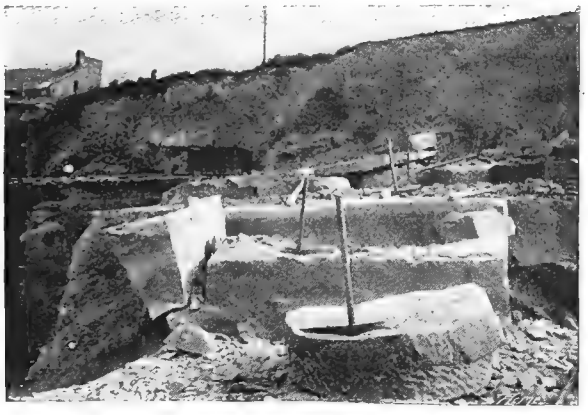
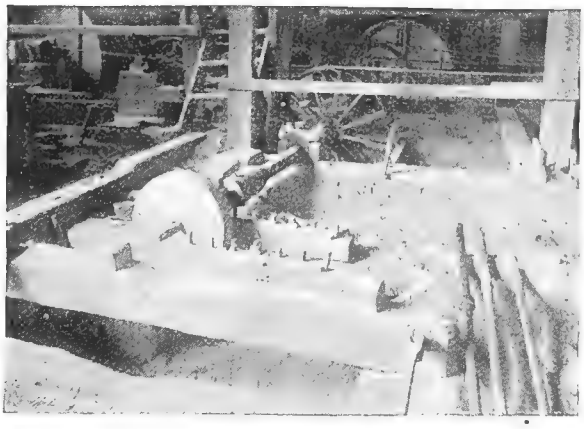


A partly finished grindstone. One side has been hewn to a shape, and the stone is now turned over to allow of the other side being hewn.

Now I wend my way on the surface again to the boiler and engine house and the lathe shed. The appearance of the interior reminds me of a flour mill. There everything is covered with flour, fine and white. Here the flour is the finest of fine sand and of a creamy yellow, but it covers everything in the same way. The engine is shut off in another room, so that its working parts may not be filled with this sandy dust. It would hardly conduce to easy running, let the engineer oil never so freely. In the lathe room, over hollow places, something like sawpits, are the mandrils of the lathes, square pieces of iron revolving slowly, being driven by belts from the engine. A square hole having been cut through the exact centre of the grindstone, it is placed on one of these mandrils and tightly wedged. Then a long pointed tool is taken, and resting against one of a number of iron pins in the framework on each side of the slowly revolving stone, the point is gradually advanced, cutting or scraping a series of grooves on the side or edge. Gradually the whole of the stone is smoothed up in this way, and is finished off with another and broader tool, shaped like a chisel, which leaves the surface more even. The larger grindstones are held in a big "chuck," which grips them round their circumference, and little by little their angularities are rubbed down, more rapidly though, one fancies than the angularities of some of us, who get a good deal of friction in the world for all that.



The lathe, showing the turning tools at the right-hand side.

Ready for use.

Here is a workman who has just finished turning a stone, and, as he is taking it to a part of the yard where some stock is kept, I accompany him, and get another picture of the finished article. There they stand, stacked together, and looking like piles of shillings, so even in size are they, and so regularly placed; or when we think of their size perhaps the resemblance is to some of the flatter cheeses. From here they are taken, often by road, though from some of the quarries by rail, to the busy Tyne and there shipped.

The Photographs of this Article are by the Author.

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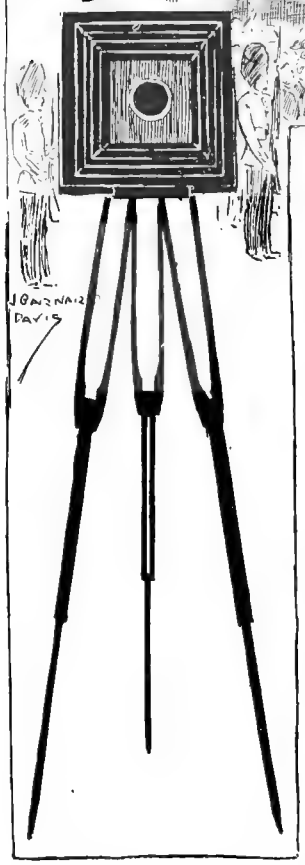
AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.



By Maud Coleborn.

CHAPTER I.

"Hochberg! You? My God! Help!" But the man's gurgling cry was drowned in the hoarse shout that told of a nation's enthusiasm, as the Jubilee procession drew near the Sword and Scabbard Club.

British phlegm was, for a moment, completely cast aside; women waved their handkerchiefs, men stood on the chairs, and cheered and cheered till they were hoarse, while all eyes were rivetted on the magnificent pageant as it swept past.

None observed the silent yet terrible tragedy that was being enacted within a few yards of that brilliantly filled balcony.

None noticed that, just as the excitement was at its height, someone stepped noiselessly up to a slight fair man standing somewhat behind the others, and addressed him in a low voice. With an impatient frown the man turned his head, and in another moment he was forced into a chair, a white cloth was thrust into his mouth with one hand, while with the other his assailant raised a knife and plunged it twice into his victim's breast. The enthusiastic cheering had swelled into a roar as the murdered man's head fell forward on his breast; in another moment the assassin had withdrawn as noiselessly as he had come, leaving his victim staring with unseeing eyes at the magnificent pageant filing past the windows.

* * * * *

"Wasn't it splendid, Sir George?" The speaker was a tall brown-haired girl, with a clear cut profile outlined like a cameo against the crimson curtain, as she turned to speak to the man behind her. "Now, don't you think you might for once be a little bit enthusiastic? You know——" the words froze on the girl's lips as she found herself addressing the huddled heap with the drooping head and staring eyes. "Sir George!" There was a ring of horror in the girl's voice that at once attracted attention.

"What is it, Miss Strange? Are you ill?"

"No, no; it's Sir George Craven. He must have fainted or something," she said hastily, as she pushed aside the chairs in order to reach the helpless figure in the corner.

But her progress was barred by a callow youth, with a budding moustache and a scant supply of "g's" in his vocabulary. "It's all right, Miss Strange," he said, "our chaps are lookin' after him," indicating a number of the members of the Sword and Scabbard gathered round the prostrate man.

"But why doesn't somebody find his brother? Dr. Craven would know what to do, and was here, just behind me, when the procession began."

"Oh, it seems Craven was called away, and missed the show. But Sir George will be all right, they are takin' him into the billiard room, and there are some ambulance chaps just at the corner, so it's no good worryin' about him, poor chap."

He did not add, this callow young subaltern, that he had seen that on the poor chap's breast that had made him swift to obey the hurried injunction of one of the older men:

Google

"For God's sake, keep the women away! Say Craven has fainted—had a fit—apoplexy—anything."

"But is he—is he——?"

"Yes," shortly, "he's dead! What's more, he's been murdered."

"Murdered?" echoed the younger man aghast.

"Yes, murdered, here in this room, and within the last five minutes. There, go, and, for God's sake, don't let the women know."

CHAPTER II.

Within twenty-four hours all the world knew that Sir George Craven had been assassinated at the Sword and Scabbard Club during the Jubilee Procession, and conjecture was rife as to who the unknown assassin could be. That he should have a personal enemy, willing to incur the risk of the gallows, seemed incredible. "He was rather a fool, don't you know, but an inoffensive chap all round," the members of his club agreed, while the mothers of marriageable daughters openly deplored the fact that the heir to Craven Park and Drumlogan Castle, Inverness, should have met with such an untimely end.

"Read it, read it for yourself," said Mrs. Strange.

"He was such a cheery, good-tempered fellow, not particularly clever perhaps, but so easy to get on with, my dear. Allison and I were quite fond of him," Mrs. Strange confided to a friend over the tea-table in her pleasant little drawing room in Pont Street.

"Yes, and from all accounts Sir George was very fond of you—and Allison," the friend had replied; then with a meaning smile, "the brother, Dr. Craven, is rather a friend of yours, too, is he not?"

"Oh, yes, I like Douglas Craven well enough, though he is not like his brother, of course. He is so democratic and radical, and all that sort of thing," said Mrs. Strange vaguely. "Fancy a younger son of the Cravens insisting on being a doctor, for instance?"

"Yes, dear, but I expect all that sort of thing will go to the wall now that he is Sir Douglas Craven of Craven Park."

"I daresay at present he thinks of nothing but this dreadful murder. It's a most mysterious business, and the evidence at the inquest threw no light upon the matter at all. No suspicious person seems to have been seen at the Sword and Scabbard, and Allison was the last person to speak to poor Sir George. Besides, no one benefits by Sir George's death except, of course, Douglas Craven. But enough of this gruesome subject, let me give you another cup of tea. Well, James," turning to the footman, "what is it?"

"The evening paper, ma'am."

When the man had withdrawn. "Allison insists on taking in an evening paper; she seems as much engrossed in this dreadful business as Douglas, though it seems to me it would be better to let the whole thing remain a mystery. You'll excuse me a moment, my dear," scanning the columns of the paper through a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses. A pause.

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Strange, and the eyeglasses fell with a crash into the fender.

"What is it, my dear Agatha, what on earth has happened?"

"Read it, read it for yourself," said Mrs. Strange in a choked voice, thrusting the newspaper into her friend's hand.

Arrest of Sir Douglas Craven on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of his brother, the late Sir George Craven, Bart. Incriminating evidence. Cherchez la femme!

Google

"It can't surely mean that they suspect Sir Douglas! Oh, impossible!" said Mrs. Strange, hurriedly, "it's a mistake, its ——"

"It's a lie!" said a firm, decided voice at this juncture, and, for a moment, a girl's white face was outlined against the portière of an inner room; then a slim hand clutched blindly at the curtain, there was a dull thud, and Allison Strange fell prone across the threshold.

CHAPTER III.

"My dear Allison, I don't think you can be aware what a very impossible young person you are."

"Am I, mother, I'm sorry, but really I would like to do what you wish if——"

"Then marry the Prinz von Hochberg!"

"Oh, mother, I can't!"

"Of course not; because he is rich, has a magnificent estate, and bears an historic name, you find it impossible. Perhaps if the Prinz von Hochberg had been tried for murder, you——"

"Mother!" There was a world of reproach in the one word.

"Now, don't look at me like a tragedy queen, Allison. Of course, I know Douglas was proved not guilty, but as long as he refuses to explain why he quarrelled with his brother, there will always be a sort of feeling in most people's minds that he was jealous of his brother with regard to this Marie Montaigne."

"But you forget, mother, Douglas said at the trial that he had never seen the woman in his life."

"Oh, well, in any case, it was a disgraceful business, and I do not choose that a daughter of mine should marry a man who was mixed up in such an affair."

"Don't you think," coldly, "that it is a little bit unnecessary to go into that question. You forget Sir Douglas Craven has not done me the honour to ask me to marry him."

"No," irritably, "I should hope *he* had more sense. But as I was saying, the Prinz von Hochberg——"

"Is utterly abhorrent to me," interrupted the girl. "I can't tell you how I detest him; I hate him to be near me, and as for marrying him—oh, mother, you surely wouldn't urge me to marry a man I loathe?"

"Well, well, Allison, you needn't cry about it; of course I don't want to act the heartless parent of fiction. You must have your own way, of course, though," regretfully, "the Prinz would have been such a brilliant match. However," brightening, "I hope at any rate you will make yourself agreeable to the Castle people. They are our only hope of amusement in this dull place, and I have taken these rooms for another fortnight. The springs may be as good as those at Homburg, but certainly the Hôtel zur Goldenen Krone, Hochberg, is not an exciting place of residence—even the poor dear Prinz's mother's entertainments are a godsend. So run away and dress, Allison, for this conversazione or musical party, or whatever it is. The dear old woman confided to me, the other day that she had hired a man with a kinematograph by way of novelty. Fancy the dear old soul imagining that a travelling photographer would be an exciting novelty to a number of grown-up guests! Half-past five—we shall never be ready in time! The Prince said he would call for us at six o'clock, and it is a good hour's drive to the Castle. So do go and dress, Allison."

Three hours later the company were assembled in the Rittersaal of the Schloss Hochberg, and the kinematograph was in full swing. "I will now introduce you, mesdames et messieurs," said the voluble Frenchman, who was responsible for the entertainment, "to some photographs taken during the recent Jubilee procession in London. This represents one of the clubs in that city just at the moment of the approach of the procession. You will observe that for the moment British spleen is forgotten, and *ces froids Anglais* appear as much excited as a Paris crowd. Observe, too, how the kinematograph brings out the details of the picture—*ces charmantes* mees who wave their handkerchiefs, the men who shout hurrah. In zee background there is a curious incident, one man seeming to embrace another round ze neck, though this would be so un-English that one must suppose that even the kinematograph is occasionally at fault."

The little burst of applause that followed this sally thundered in Allison's ears like the sound of many waters as she sat staring at the photograph, her eyes riveted on the two figures in the background, who, as the Frenchman facetiously remarked, seemed locked in an embrace.

Yes, it was an embrace, but a deadly one, for, as the one man relaxed his hold, Allison Strange recognised in the other Sir George Craven. For a moment the face of the murderer was visible as he turned to leave the room, then the photograph faded from the screen, but not before Allison had recognised in the murderer the man who was at that moment sitting by her side—the Prince von Hochberg.

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Fortunately the darkened room prevented the girl's sudden deadly pallor from being noticed; she drew herself away from the man at her side with a shudder, and for a moment a deadly faintness seemed to paralyse her whole frame; then, with an effort of self-control that was heroic in its way, she turned to Mrs. Strange. "Mother, dear, I feel the room rather oppressive; I should like to go into the air for a moment." Then, in a low whisper, "don't let the Prinz follow me on any account, and for God's sake keep him here, talking to you, for the next ten minutes at any rate."

There was such agonising entreaty in the girl's voice that Mrs. Strange acquiesced almost mechanically, and with a murmured apology the girl glided quietly from her seat while the attention of the audience was fixed on the final tableau of the Jubilee procession.

A moment later the French photographer was startled by the apparition of a girl in a black evening dress, whose beautiful face looked strangely pale as she said hurriedly: "Monsieur, I have come to ask you to sell me the photograph of the Sword and Scabbard Club you have just exhibited. The scene is one of intense interest to me, and I am willing to give you £100 for it." The Frenchman's eyes lighted up at the mention of the price, as he said, with a deprecating bow, "Of course mademoiselle understands it would spoil the series, otherwise to oblige so charming a lady"—glancing at a box on the table.

"Is that it?" said Allison, laying her hand on the box.

"It is mademoiselle."

"Then I will give you £500 for it."

"Monsieur, I have come to ask you to sell me the photograph you have just exhibited."

"In that case," handing the box to the girl, with a low bow, "it belongs to mademoiselle—but the money?"

"Call on Mrs. Strange at the Hotel zur Goldenen Krone to-morrow and you will receive it—in the meantime you can keep this," hastily detaching a diamond pendant from the necklace that encircled her white neck; then without another word the girl swept quickly from the room.

A moment later she returned, the box no longer in her hand. "Monsieur," she began, hurriedly, "not a word of this transaction to Prinz——" The words froze on her lips. There stood the Prinz von Hochberg his hand on the Frenchman's throat, while his voice came through his clenched teeth as he said:

"You lie, you scoundrel; give me the photographs at once, or by Heaven——"

"But," gasped the unfortunate man, "I—I have already sold the photographs to —Mlle," his outstretched finger indicating Allison.

"With a muttered oath the Prinz flung the man into a corner, and, turning to the girl, said in a voice of concentrated fury: "Miss Strange will, I am sure, have no objection to transferring her purchase to me."

"Never," said the girl, boldly, though her face blanched at the look in his eyes.

"By Heaven," making a sudden stride forward and seizing the girl's white wrists, "you shall, I say, or——"

"Help, help!" The girl's voice rang out in a shriek of terror, and almost at the same moment the door of the room was flung open, and Douglas Craven rushed in. In another moment Allison Strange found herself cowering against the wall, watching with dilated

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Allison Strange, cowering against the wall, watched the struggle between the two men.

eyes the struggle between the two men, but only for a moment; then with a piercing cry she rushed madly from the room in search of help, to meet almost on the threshold a group of excited guests. "What is the matter? Are you hurt, Miss Strange?" A torrent of questions, to all of which the girl answered by a gesture and a whispered, "In there, quick—or they will kill each other."

The men rushed past to find Prinz von Hochberg and Sir Douglas Craven locked in a deadly embrace. The latter had his adversary firmly by the throat, and there was that in Sir Douglas's eyes that argued ill for the murderer of his brother, when suddenly there was a terrified cry of "The lamp! For God's sake mind the lamp!" But it was too late. In their struggle the two men had come in contact with a huge standing lamp: there was a heavy crash, and then cries of "Fire, fire!" as the greedy flames ran this way and that, while the two men seemed to be struggling in a pool of liquid fire.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Douglas, dear, do you know that to-day is the 15th of September," said Allison Craven, lifting a happy, if somewhat serious face to her husband, as she sat in a low chair in the glow of a cheery wood fire in the small drawing-room at Craven Park.

"The 15th September is it; well, dearest, what then?"

"Oh, Douglas, you can't surely forget that it is just a year since that dreadful night at Schloss Hochberg! What a frightful end for that man, to be actually burnt to death; and, oh, Douglas," shuddering, "to think it might have been you!"

"Yes," seriously, "it was a ghastly business, but, after all, it was better than—than being hanged as George's murderer."

"You quarrelled with your brother about *me?*"

"Yes, it was a horrible cold-blooded crime; but Douglas," resting a warm cheek against her husband's hand, "Sir George had stolen his wife from him—for Marie Montaigne was really Prince von Hochberg's wife, wasn't she?"

"Yes, but I swear I believe George did not know it—he thought she was—ah well, it's an old story now, and a very sad one, so we won't go into it, my darling, eh?"

A pause. "Douglas, I want you to tell me something."

"Well, Madame Curiosity, what is it?" resting his hand on the ripples of brown hair at his knee.

"I want you to tell me what you quarrelled with George about, the night before he was killed. Was it about a woman?"

"Yes."

A shade of disappointment clouded the brown eyes as Allison continued: "Was she pretty?"

"Very; at least, George and I thought so."

"Her name?"

"Allison Strange."

"Douglas! You quarrelled with your brother about *me?*"

"Yes. I objected to his showing his admiration for you so openly when I knew of his connection with Marie Montaigne."

"And was that why you refused to explain the quarrel at the trial?"

"Yes, dearest, I did not choose that your name—the name of the woman I hoped some day to make my wife—should be bandied about in court."

"Oh, Douglas, you dear!" was all Allison said; but the crackling flames shone for a moment on as pretty a picture of domestic happiness as one would wish to see in this poor work-a-day world.

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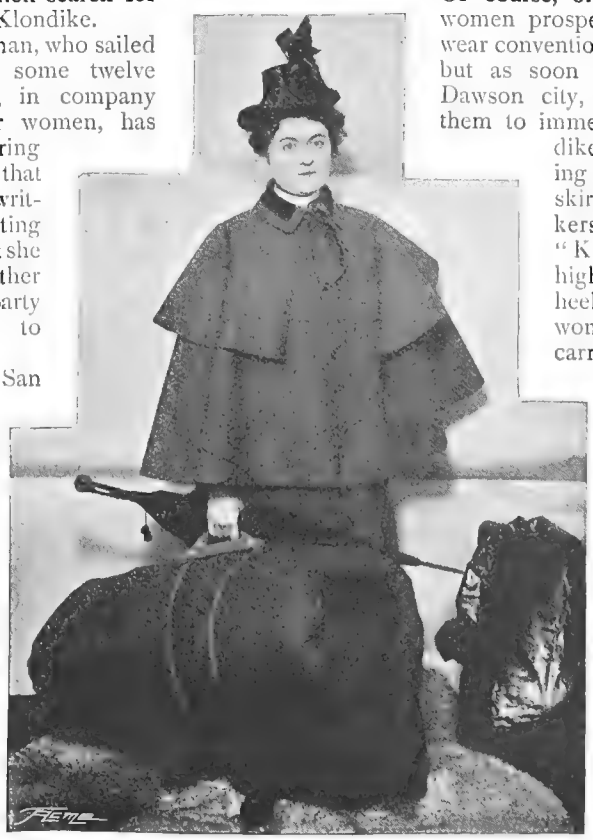
WHAT WOMEN WEAR AT THE KLONDIKE.

By J. Montgomery M'Govern.

No more convincing evidence of the changed position of woman within the past half-century—the greater freedom she has attained, socially and physically, if not politically—can be afforded than a comparison between the women of '49, who followed the miners from the Eastern States of America across the continent to California and Colorado in their feverish quest for gold, and the women of '97 who braved with the men the perils of the Frozen North in their search for gold in the frozen Klondike.

A New York woman, who sailed for the Klondike some twelve months ago, and, in company with several other women, has spent all the Spring and Summer in that rugged region, has written us an interesting account of the outfit she and each of the other women of the party found it advisable to carry with them.

In going from San Francisco to Dawson City by boat, each woman is allowed to carry one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage. All this amount is necessarily required for mining tools and provisions. Her wearing apparel, including furs, sleeping-bag, etc., comes under the head of "excess baggage" and is charged for at the rate of 1s. 2d. a pound. This outfit she carries in a big bag in her stateroom. The clothing must, of course, consist of garments suitable for all seasons—for the Alaskan gold-miner, whether man or woman, must go prepared to remain at least a year, and though one seldom connects the idea of heat with the Klondike regions, yet during the short Arctic summer, winter clothing would be decidedly uncomfortable.



Ready to board the steamer at San Francisco.

Of course, on board ship, the women prospective miners may wear conventional travelling suits, but as soon as they arrive at Dawson city, necessity compels them to immediately don Klondike costume, consisting of a short corduroy skirt and knickerbockers, a belted jacket, a "Klondike hat," and high, heavy-soled, low-heeled, shoes. Each woman is obliged to carry a gun and a revolver, and if ignorant of the management of these useful articles of equipment, they are taught by the men of the party how to load and fire them—a wise precaution in so uncivilised a region as the Klondike.

Having arrived in camp, the working costume is donned—the one that is worn by the

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women in the diggings. This is both attractive and useful. It consists of a short skirt and "jumper" of lemin, a gingham apron coming to the knees, and a sun-bonnet. This is the summer "work dress"; it is adopted for all classes of labour, from dish-washing to gold-washing. Of course, all women in the Klondike wear short skirts, no matter what the season. For a long skirt to be worn in a mining settlement would be the height of absurdity.

A few women carry with them into camp handsome gowns, suitable for dress occasions, but as these occasions happen so rarely, if at all, during one's entire existence in the Klondike, the handsome dresses are either cut up by their owners and the material made into other short-skirted loose-waisted camp dresses, or else glass beads and gaudy brass geegaws are thickly sewn over the handsome gowns, and they are bartered off to the Indians for furs, less elegant perhaps, but far more useful in that climate.

A bag is the only means whereby the Arctic cold can be kept from the sleeper.

For mining work in intensely cold weather the "parkie" of the native Alaskan is adopted. This—as the accompanying photograph shows—consists of a long coat of fur, which is slipped on over the head like a sweater, a pair of long fur trousers, fur moccasins, and peaked fur cap; also the thickest of wool or, preferably, fur mittens. In less severe weather the women wear coats, short skirts, and bloomers of eiderdown, with, of course, fur moccasins, fur mittens, and caps.

The cost of this entire outfit does not exceed £10, which at first thought seems rather remarkable when one remembers the number of fur garments that it includes, but, fortunately for the woman Klondiker, fur in Alaska being a necessity rather than a luxury, is much less expensive than in London or New York.

Besides the essential garments mentioned above, there are a few very necessary odds and ends belonging to the woman miner's outfit, and the most important of these are:—A warm shawl, several suits of very heavy all-wool underwear, several pairs of Arctic stockings, two pairs of pulse warmers, and two pairs of knee warmers; the former, pieces of fur to be tied or bound about the wrists; the latter, large pieces of fur, to be tied or bound around the knees. Also several towels, a swing basket—woman's inevitable companion—a mosquito hat, a roll of mosquito netting, a light sweater, and other little conveniences that a woman always finds room to cram in wherever there is an inch to spare. The mosquito hat and mosquito netting are absolute essentials, for at certain seasons of the year the mosquitoes make life at the Klondike almost unbearable. Many of the women carry with them pots of "mosquito paste"—a black, sticky stuff, with which they smear their hands during mosquito season.

Aside from the wearing apparel, perhaps the most interesting thing in the outfit is the sleeping-bag. This very important article is made of oiled duck, with three linings—one of llama cloth, one of mackinaw cloth, and the third and inside lining of white sheepskin. It is thus utterly impossible for the occupant to either freeze or get wet. The miner crawls in, wrapped in a blanket, then closes the bag at the top by a drawing-string, which fastens it securely about her neck—the sleeping-bag thus closely envelopes her entire body, with the exception of her head. The latter is covered by a heavy, fur cap, which protects the greater part of her face. This is now the usual method of sleeping in the Klondike—for men, as well as for women.

Every woman that goes to the Klondike is obliged to take with her no less than three

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months' supply of provisions, and great judgment and precaution must be used in the selection of food, that it may be of the sort that will not deteriorate by this long storage, though, of course, in Alaska, food of every kind may be kept in a much better state of preservation than it could possibly be kept in a warmer climate.

By clubbing together, several woman have managed to buy a sufficient quantity of food to last them three months at the remarkably low cost of £5 each.

A list of medicines is also a necessity in a country where physicians are few and far between and no trained nurses have thus far found their way. The medicines which it is most important to carry with one into the Klondike are: Antiseptic powders, ointments, liniments, Jamaica ginger, cathartic pills, quinine in capsules, chloride of potash for sore-throat, citric acid or lime juice to prevent scurvy, powder to stop bleeding from the frequent cuts and scratches liable to occur, cough tablets, vaseline, tincture of iron, witch hazel, laudanum, camphor, porous plasters, eye-wash and bandages.

Ready to "pan" out the gold.

Although a few of the women who enter the Klondike region go there in order to open respectable boarding-houses for the miners—where the men may get at least a semblance of home comfort—yet the majority of the women go with the intention of working shoulder to shoulder with the men in the gold-mines. Each of these women require a mining outfit similar to that taken by a man, consisting of:—One canvas tent, one "Klondike stove," made of sheet iron—used both for heating and cooking purposes—and cooking utensils. Also an axe, a hatchet, a hand-saw, a pick, a shovel, five pounds of nails, one miner's gold-pan, 50ft. of small rope, a file, a whetstone and a pair of snow glasses, besides candles, twine, &c. A few women carry little comforts and luxuries which greatly add to the convenience of their necessarily primitive house-keeping.

A few of these brave, self-reliant women have already made fortunes—some of them large ones—in the gold-fields of Alaska; others are still hard at work at their arduous toil, with the feverish thirst for gold strong upon them.

That a mining life with all its necessary attendant roughnesses and hardships does not destroy womanly instincts has been proved again and again, whenever there has been a case of sickness in camp. Whether the victim be another woman or one of the men, every woman miner has been ready to throw down her pick and shovel and play the rôle of nurse with as tender and devoted a care as if she had never attempted rougher or less feminine work.

In the Alaskan gold-fields as elsewhere—wherever men and women have been thrown together—love affairs have been the result, and several marriages have been brought about on account of acquaintanceships formed while working side by side in the gold-mines; but a case has yet to be recorded where a woman miner has been treated with anything else than courtesy and perfect respect by the men in the gold-mines. The earnest purpose and high character of the great majority of these women bodes well for the success of any expedition with which they are connected.

It was not always so, and no more remarkable sign of the times exists, than the fact that a woman can live in the midst of a mining rush as free from insult and annoyance as amidst the height of civilization.

To a certain extent there are bound to be in all mining camps a large sprinkling of the black sheep of humanity. Gold is a magnet

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which has the unfailing tendency of drawing to itself all who are evil of mankind. Yet, nevertheless, the gold-field of to-day, even in so remote a place as Klondike, can bear no possible comparison to the old Californian gold-fields, or even to those of Australia.

Whether gold-diggers are, morally speaking, better than they were in those days, or whether the solution lies in the fact that the Government officials have a firmer grip on the lawless element, is a point not easy to be determined.

In the old days might was right, and the miners were lords unto themselves, subject only to the control of Judge Lynch. Excesses of all sorts were indulged in, and life was held of very small account.

The scum of the earth seemed to congregate in the broad gulleys and flats of the great alluvial diggings. Criminals almost boasted of their crime, and walked abroad with absolute immunity.

In such communities under such conditions life was impossible for a refined and gentle woman. To-day, whether the gold rush be to Kimberley, to Coolgardie, to the heart of Rhodesia, or to the lonely, inhospitable country of the Klondike, close on the heels of the first prospectors comes the preservers of law and order, the Government police.

In the depth of winter furs are absolutely necessary. Fortunately they are cheap at the Klondike.

No finer body of men exist than the Canadian Mounted Police, and so perfect, comparatively speaking, has been the law and order prevailing in the various camps, that women have had no fear whatever of undertaking a visit there. Pleasure trips, even, have been organised by ladies of society not unwilling to experience the novelty of hardship and excitement.

The journey by boat from San Francisco to Dawson City, and thence up the Yukon, by no means involves such hardships as are incurred by the overland route. That, however, under the magic of railway enterprise, is gradually being robbed of its terrors, and the White Pass, a scene in the earliest days of the rush of unspeakable suffering, will soon sink into insignificance under the luxury of a train service which will carry the gold seekers in a few hours in safety over a portion of the journey that once not only occupied many days, but was full of dangers and difficulties.

The photographs of this article are by Vander Weyde, New York.

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A BATCH OF PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

The first puzzle that I presented in my article last month was called "A Problem in Numbers." It was required to find two other numbers of four figures each that have the same peculiarity as 2025. If we split this number into two—20 and 25—add them

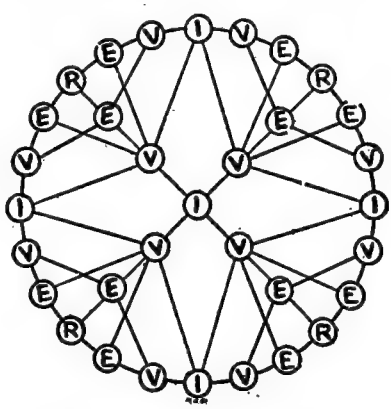
A PROBLEM IN NUMBERS.

together and square the sum (thus: 20 + 25 = 45 and 45 × 45 = 2025), the result is the original number. The two other numbers are 3025 and 9801; for it will be found that 30 + 25 = 55, and the square of 55 is 3025; also that 98 + 01 = 99 and the square of 99 is 9801. It is somewhat curious that no other number of four figures can be found to fulfil the required conditions.

In the case of the "Reviver Puzzle," it was necessary to discover in how many different ways we may spell out the word "Reviver" in the illustration. You may go upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards—in short in any way you like, subject to the simple condition that you must always pass along a line from one letter straight to another, and when you come to a letter you must use it and pass on again to the next letter in the word.

Now, it will be seen that there is one central I and four outside ones. The central I may be reached in three ways from any one of the four R's. There are therefore twelve ways of spelling the first half of the word with the central I, and since for every route up to the I we have a selection of any one of the twelve routes for our return journey (the word being a palindrome) it follows that there are 144 (12 × 12) solutions involving the central I. Then one of the outside I's may be reached in five different ways from either of two R's. Therefore there are ten ways of reaching any outside I, and 100 ways (10 × 10) of spelling the word while using an outside I. As there are four of these outside I's, there are 400 (4 × 100) solutions involving the use of one of their number; 400 added to the above-mentioned 144 gives us 544 as the total number of solutions, and this is the correct answer to the puzzle.

The solution of the "Squares and Cross Puzzle" is clearly shown in the accompanying diagram. In Fig. 1 we see the directions of the cuts, and in Fig. 2 how the pieces A, B, C, and D are put together to form the larger square. The smaller square is cut out



A "Reviver" Puzzle.

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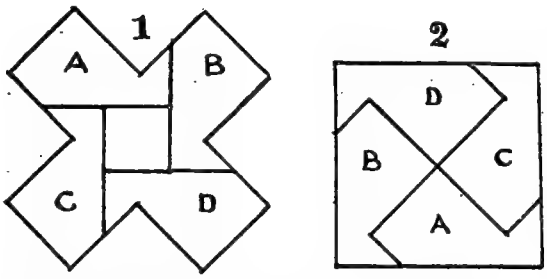

Squares and Cross Puzzle Solution

entire. There is no difficulty in demonstrating that the area of the smaller square is exactly equal to one-half the area of one of the arms of the cross. The two squares should, therefore, be in the proportion of $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ or 9 to 1, which will be found to be the case. For example, if we mark off points on the sides of the square forming Fig. 2 so as to divide them into three equal parts and unite these points by lines parallel to the sides of the square, we shall subdivide it into nine smaller squares, every one of which will be equal in size to the little square in the centre of the cross in Fig. 1.

Puzzles of this class are excellent little lessons in elementary geometry, and serve to show how pleasing, and even fascinating, that study really is when presented in certain forms. Not only is the knowledge acquired likely to be of considerable use on unexpected occasions in the ordinary affairs of life, but puzzles of this class are especially stimulating to the reasoning faculties generally.

The "Broken Palings" has, strange to say, only one possible answer. The sum of money in pounds, shilling, and pence that may be reduced to farthings by simply removing the dots that separate the shillings from the pounds and the pence from the shillings is £12 12s. 8d., which reduces to 12,128 farthings. Both £10 10s. 7d. and £11 11s. 7d. are, however, within one farthing of being correct.

The smallest number of steps that would have the peculiarity mentioned in the case of the "Pyramid Poser"—that if you go up two steps at a time, there is one step left for the last bound; if three at a time, two; if four at a time, three; if five at a time, four; if six at a time, five; and if you go up seven steps at a time, six risers are left for the last bound—is 419, and every addition of 420 gives another number that will apply. We were told that there were fewer than 1,500 steps, so it must be 419, 839 or 1,259. But, as the two smaller pyramids were said to have the same peculiarity, the first two numbers are excluded and the answer must be 1,259. It is always desirable that a puzzle should, if possible, have only one solution. Plural solutions are generally termed "cooks." If the limit of 1,500 steps had not been fixed, and if we had not been told that there were two smaller pyramids having the same peculiarity, there would have been an infinite number of equally correct answers, for, as I have shown, any multiple of 420 less 1 would then fulfil the conditions. As it is, the pyramid that the tourist is ascending must have exactly 1,259 steps—no more and no less.

The point of the "Puzzling Plantation" was to cut down forty-eight of the seventy trees so that the twenty-two that remain shall form twenty rows with four trees in every row. These "points and lines" puzzles are generally rather difficult, because no general

THE BROKEN PALINGS

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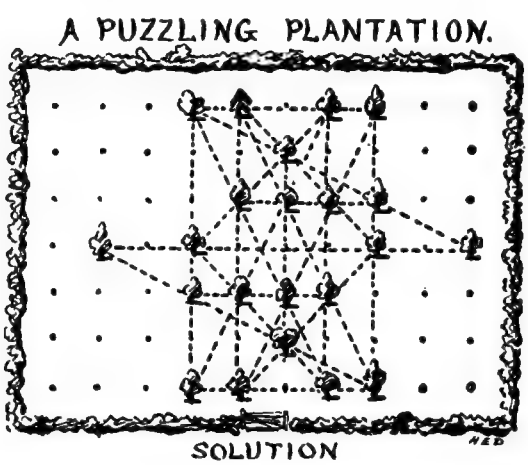
rule has been discovered for their solution. The diagram will show clearly how the twenty-two trees should be left in order to form the required number of lines, and the dots indicate where the forty-eight trees have been



cut down. It will be found that five lines of four trees are horizontal, five lines are vertical, and two lines in each of five different directions are on the bias—twenty lines of trees in all, with four trees in every line.

In "The English Tour" it was required to show how a resident at the town marked A might visit every one of the towns once and only once, and finish up his tour at Z. This puzzle conceals a little trick. After the solver has demonstrated to his satisfaction that it cannot be done in accordance with the conditions as he at first understood them, he should carefully examine the wording in order to find some flaw. It was said, "this would be easy enough if he were able to cut across country by road, as well as by rail, but he is not." Now, although he is prohibited from "cutting across country by road," nothing is said about his going by sea! If, therefore, we carefully look again at the illustration, we shall find that two towns, and two only, lie on the sea coast. When he reaches one of these towns he takes his departure on board a coasting vessel and sails to the other port. The illustration shows, by a dark line, the complete route.

"The Eight Clowns" was a little novelty in magic squares. These squares may be formed with numbers that are in arithmetical progression, or that are not in such progression. If a square be formed of the former class, one place may be left vacant, but only under particular conditions. In the case of our puzzle, there would be no difficulty in making the magic square with 9 missing; but with 1 missing (that is, using 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9) it is not possible. But a glance at the illustration will show that the numbers we have to deal with are not actually those just mentioned. The clown that has a 9 on his chest is portrayed just at the moment when two balls which he is juggling are in mid air. The positions of these balls clearly convert his number into the recurring decimal $\cdot\dot{9}$. Now, since the recurring decimal $\cdot\dot{9}$ is equal to $\frac{9}{9}$, and therefore to 1, it is evident that, although the clown who bears the figure 1 is absent, the man who bears the figure 9 by this simple artifice has for the occasion given his *figure* the value of the *number* 1. The troupe can consequently be grouped in the following manner:

7		5
2	4	6
3	8	$\cdot\dot{9}$

Every column, every row and each of the two diagonals now add up to 12. This is the correct solution to the puzzle.

The "Chinese Railway Puzzle" was artfully devised by the yellow man. It is not a matter for wonder that the representatives of the five countries interested were bewildered. It would have puzzled the engineers a good deal to construct those circuitous routes so that the various trains

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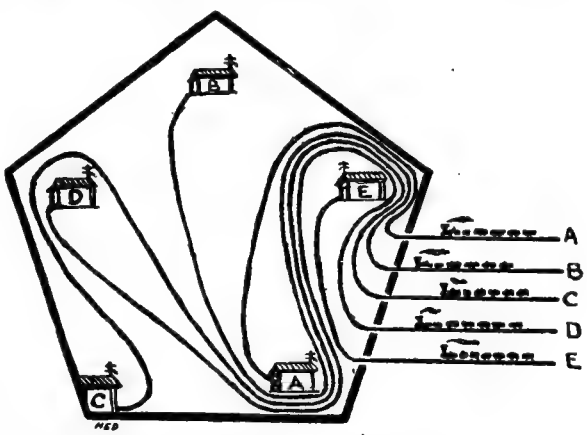
might run with safety. The illustration shows the required directions for the five systems of lines, so that no line shall ever cross another.

In the case of the puzzle involved in that little incident, "The Prisoners of Omdurman," it is probable that the person who ventured to find the correct numbers or any one that would work, by trying all numbers in regular order until he hit on the right one, would sooner or later give the quest up in despair. The problem was to count a certain number, beginning with the white man at the top of the picture, and going round and round the circle in the direction that individual is pointing, and slay every individual on whom that number fell. In order to slay all the Abyssinians and spare the lives of all the Europeans, what is the smallest number that should be selected? In order to make the puzzle a little easier, I stipulated that all the Abyssinians should be killed in regular rotation. Now, a little thought will show that any multiple of 16 must kill the Abyssinian at the top of the picture; that when that gentleman is disposed of, any multiple of 15 will be fatal to the man standing next at the top; that the next will be killed by a multiple of 14; the next by a multiple of 13; and so on. It must therefore follow that the least common multiple of 16, 15, 14, 13, 12, 11, 10, and 9 will kill all the Abyssinians in rotation. The L.C.M. is no smaller a number than 720,720. This seems to be the obvious answer, but in puzzledom the obvious is generally wrong. The correct solution is obtained by killing the Abyssinians in rotation upwards instead of downwards! The smallest number that will do this is one half of the above number, plus 1, or 360,361. So, if the European had counted round and round, beginning with himself, and let every 360,361st man be executed, he would have succeeded in his ruse. Perhaps it was just as well that he was interrupted by that British shell, for the executioner might have got impatient after a few counts. If the counter had begun at other points in the circle, and had not had that curious fancy for killing in rotation, the numbers might have been greatly reduced. But that is another story.

The reader might perhaps suppose that "The Pearson's Rainbow Puzzle" is built upon no principle whatever; that it is a quite haphazard arrangement, and can only be solved by trial. But this is not so, though I have not space on this occasion to lay bare the little principle in all its simplicity. Were it otherwise, I could not probably say with confidence, as I can, that the shortest possible solution is in sixteen moves. Though the puzzle is rather bewildering, and the full import of all the moves will not be obvious to the novice, he will find that, if the eight cherubs move in the following order to the star that is vacant for the time being, they will get in order so as to read "PEARSON'S" round the rainbow from left to



THE CHINESE RAILWAYS PUZZLE SOLUTION.

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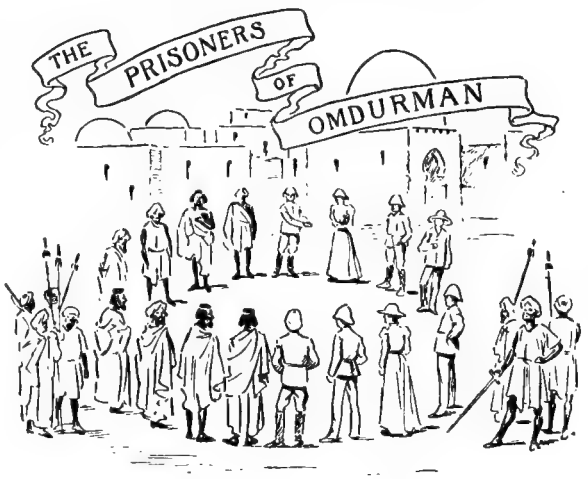
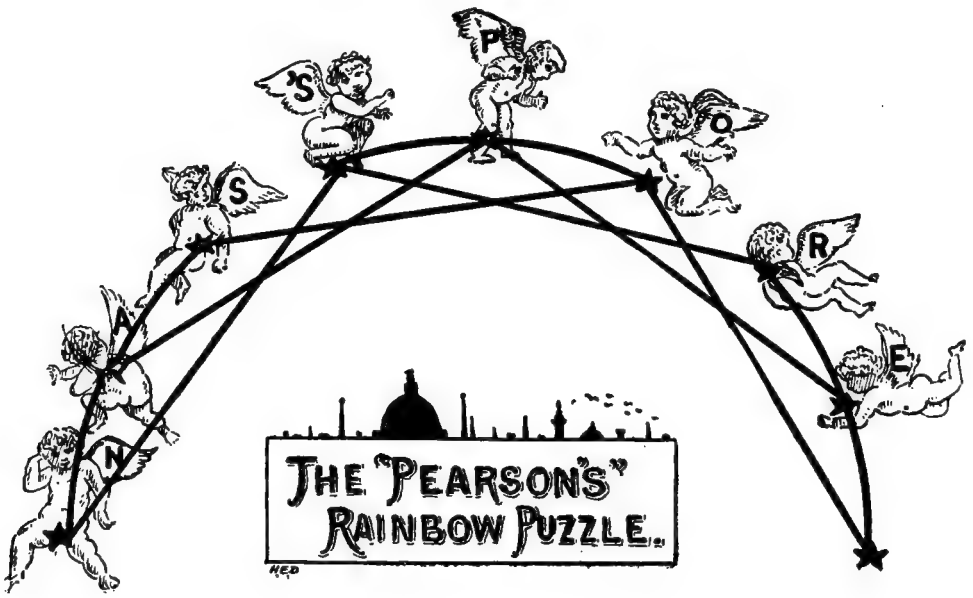


right, with the vacant star in the position stipulated: OSAPE R'SNPER'SN RSO. These are the fewest moves possible.

I have found that puzzles based on various renderings of the "moving counters" principle always have a strange fascination for some people. Ladies especially seem to derive from them the peculiar entertainment that they also find in games of "Patience" with playing cards. Perhaps they feel that puzzles of this kind must contain an element of chance, but in nearly every case the "chance is but direction which thou canst not see," as Pope puts it. The solver should always attempt to discover the principle involved. Sometimes, as with the "Rainbow Puzzle," it is ridiculously simple when discovered, though the actual discovery of such simple base is a very hard nut to crack. In the words of the conjuror, "it is very simple when you know how it is done!"



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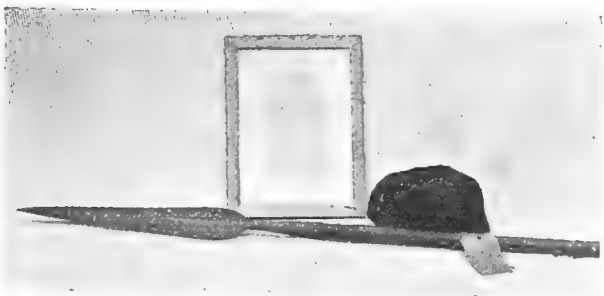


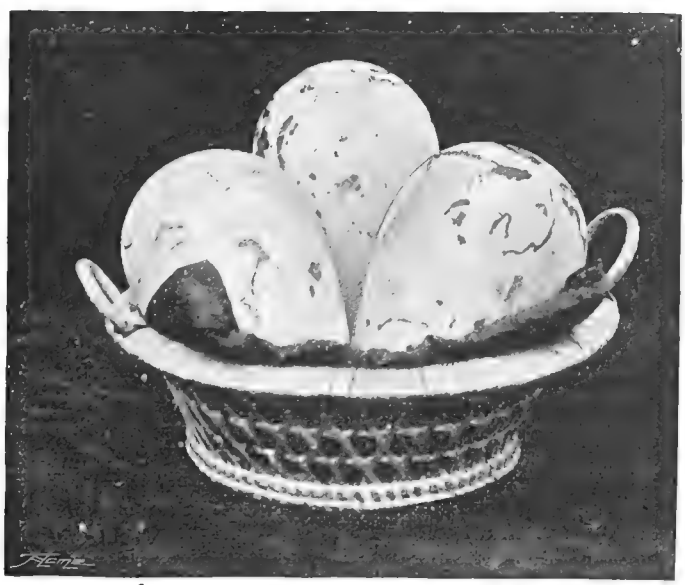
The cap worn by General Gordon in China, and the identical spear with which he was killed.

A PUBLIC HOUSE MUSEUM.

By Leslie McGregor.

The "Edinburgh Castle" is a public-house in the Mornington Road, Regent's Park, and its owner, Mr. Middlebrook, has gathered together one of the most varied collections of curios that it is possible to imagine. Every curio has a pedigree, every curio has a price—and a long price at that.

Take the great Auk's eggs, of which there are three. For the cheapest £168 was paid; for the most expensive £296, while the other cost merely £189. And cheap they were supposed to be at the price, for as the auctioneer explained just before the hammer dropped, whether seriously or in sarcasm is not related, "Why, gentlemen, this an *absurd* price for the great Auk's eggs."



Three great Auk's eggs, for which the owner has refused 1000 guineas.

Apparently these eggs have caused just as much disappointment as joy—at least this is what one gathers from an amusing story told of a cabman, who drove all the way from Charing Cross to see them.

The August Bank Holiday was dry—so was the cabman, for he swung himself into the bar, and blurted out in the midst of his drink, "Where is it?"

"Where's what?" asked Mr. Middlebrook, somewhat startled.

"Why, the two hundred and ninety-six pund egg!"

"Oh, the egg! There!" replied the proud owner, pointing to a little velvet case at the back.

The cabman turned slowly round on his heel, and made for the door, then suddenly swinging round, exploded with a "What, call that a great auk's egg, why I'm backing my old Cochin China at home ter do better than that. From what I'd 'eard, I thought it was at least twice the size of me keb. Why,

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The bugle that sounded the Charge of Balaclava.

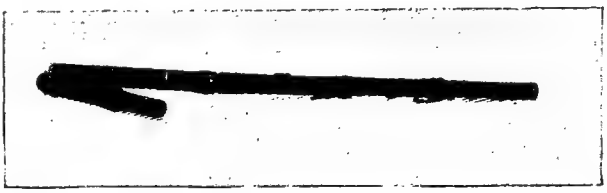
The tourniquet which was used when Nelson's arm was shot off.

braid and tassels dimmed with age. The surface is worn with innumerable polishings. At a concert not long since, amidst a bevy of fair singers and "lion comiques," it was the blowing on this old broken instrument that made the audience forget all else and shout themselves hoarse for an encore. And is it not only right that the blast of a horn, that showed all Englishman it was "theirs but to do or die, theirs not to reason why," should be cheered? Why, certainly!

It is interesting to note that in connection with this instrument, Mr. Middlebrook intends upon his death to present it to the Mess of the 17th Lancers.

it doesn't weigher couple er ounces. Two hundred and ninety-six punds, indeed!"

Luckily, however, he was induced to turn to something he liked better, and that was the bugle with which Trumpet-Major Joy sounded the memorable charge at Balaclava.



Haydn's Flute.

In a glass case, surrounded by the gallant man's medals and army certificates, hangs a battered piece of bent tubing adorned with

A Native Execution Bell.

Not many steps from the bugle is a similar relic, in the shape of an old instrument played by one of Blucher's bandsmen at Waterloo. And although this undoubtedly holds interest for all, it can never hope to compete for general attention with brave Trumpet-Major Joy's bugle.

Talking of war brings one round to the hundreds of medals which are displayed in various cases round the room. Prominently hangs the gold medal presented by the

Instrument belonging to one of Blucher's bandsmen found on the field of battle.

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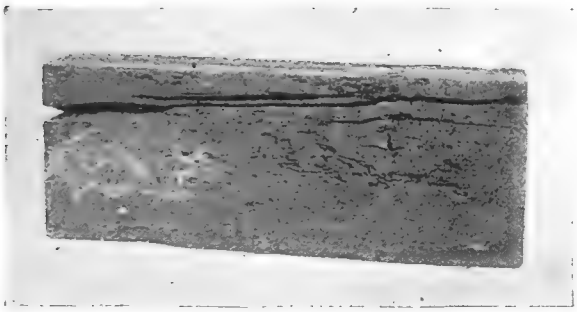

A portion of one of the beams put into the Tower of London in 1090.

Model of a monument to the soldiers killed at Sebastopol.

British Government to the Rajah of Mysore for his services in connection with Tippo Sahib's rebellion in 1791-2. This medal, was at one time lost for a number of years, and was only recently bought by the present owner for 275 guineas.

Even more interesting than this is the set of crosses which have been given by various countries for valour displayed in the field of battle. There in the centre is a Victoria Cross, bought from its hard-up owner for £20; on the right, the Iron Cross of Germany, the only one ever presented to a surgeon of the German Army; on the left, the Indian Star of Valour—and so on.

Suspended in a frame hangs that which our American cousins would give thousands to possess; in fact, the proprietor of one of

Pipe found at Inkerman, which also went through the Egyptian Campaign.

Middlebrook patriotically refused. The relic to which I refer is a flag that was captured at the battle of Laurel Hill, Virginia, from an American officer; and, in addition to this, there is the sash which Colonel J. Sargeant, the chief officer under General Grant, took from a disgraced man. General Grant has since visited the Museum, and was much interested in seeing this reminder of his younger days.

Of similar mementoes there is no end. Evidences of British valour predominate. There is a flag which was captured by the British East Africa Company at

A Siamese Idol.

the leading New York papers once called upon Mr. Middlebrook, and offered to write him out a cheque for it, there and then, for any price within reason. But Mr.

A Babylonian brick over 4000 years old.

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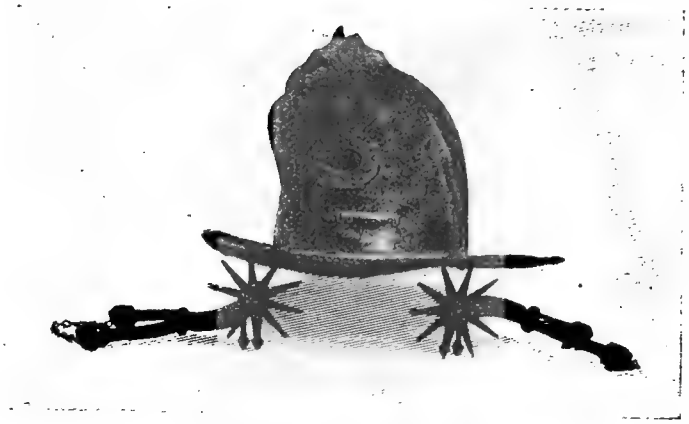


Oliver Cromwell's helmet and spurs.

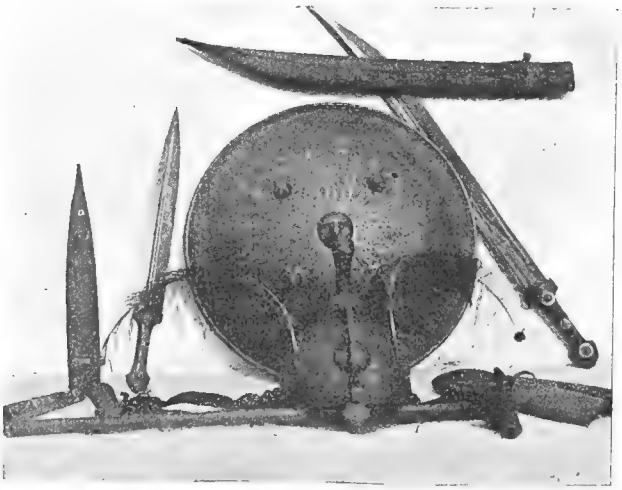
pall that covered the Duke of Clarence's coffin.

Here is an interesting little story in connection with one of the exhibits. In 1870 a diabolical murder was committed in Jamaica through a dispute which arose between a native and a British sailor as to which of the two should pay a trifle to a musician playing at a dance. The native, getting the worst of the argument, struck the sailor a blow with a plaited reed, which stunned him. Going out of the tent, the native then dragged the sailor from underneath the edge of the canvas, and coolly murdered him, afterwards disposing of the body. Information having been given to the police, the culprit, who had escaped on a vessel bound for England, was followed, captured, and executed. The plaited reed, to which so horrible a history is attached, occupies a corner to itself in the Museum.

Masai; the manacles which Stanley himself struck off a dying slave on one of his great marches; and still attached to one of these is a blood-stained piece of rag, which was put on by the poor sufferer to ease the pain of chafing. It tells a mute story, this dirty cloth, of endless suffering and torture, and equally endless thankfulness at a happy release.

Cheek by jowl with all these are the first pattern of a bayonet used in the British army; a copy of the code of Chinese flags presented by the Emperor to a British officer; and a piece of the

Chains struck off the ankles and wrists of two slaves by H. M. Stanley during the Emin Relief Expedition.



An Indian Rajah's helmet, shield, sword, and other accoutrements.

It is hard, in so limited a space, to make bare mention even of the principal objects that catch the eye. You wander round the Museum, turning from one thing to another, each more interesting than the last. Here is the helmet which so seldom parted company

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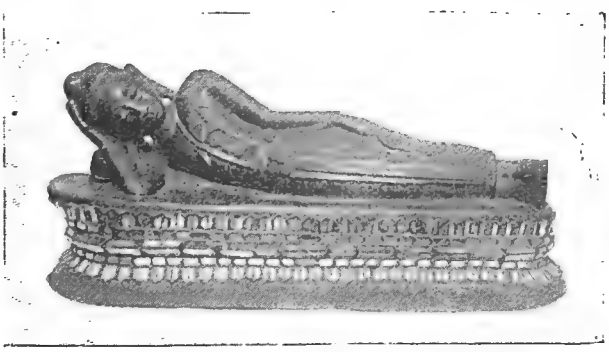
with Oliver Cromwell's head (a sombre-looking object resembling a dustman's cap), the very one, in fact, in which he dismissed Parliament and ordered "that bauble" the mace, to be taken away. There is the spear that killed General Gordon—no mere make-belief, mind you, but the genuine thing, signed, countersigned, and vouched for by eye-witnesses and people high in office—a most interesting relic in view of recent affairs. There is nothing extraordinary in the look of the thing. It is a plain steel and wood implement, with vicious-looking curves—decidedly simple, but cruelly practical.

The Museum is as interesting to women as to men, for while there is the brass effigy of the head that was placed in front of the King of Benin's tent, and soaked at regular intervals, with the blood of sacrificed slaves, there is also one of the original dresses that the Empress Josephine wore, resplendent with embroidery of silk and gold.



A Burmese Idol.

Of such relics as pieces of old London Bridge, there is no end. A portion from the wreck of the *Royal George*; a piece of the bedstead on which Sir Colin Campbell lay before the siege of Lucknow; a splinter from the gates of Delhi; the gun carriage which stood upon the old chain pier at Brighton; all these and more go to swell the collection.

Indeed, nothing is too out of the common for Mr. Middlebrook. He has the tooth of the giant shark that became extinct 200 years ago; he has also two of the smallest perfect-cutting penknives in the world. In one corner stand the three original castes which were taken of the only Madras pirates ever hanged in London; in another lie the cinders of all that remain of the burning of 1,000,000 Bank of England Notes, which one time represented at least £5,000,000.

Explaining the origin of the museum, Mr. Middlebrook says:

"Ever since I was a boy I took an interest in curios, so that when I came here some sixteen years ago, and heard that at one time the "Edinburgh Castle" had a free museum attached, it occurred to me that I would try and start it again. All the old relics had been sold or had strayed, and the only thing that remained was that stuffed monkey over there. I looked around me, and gradually got together a few things, and it is wonderful how they do accumulate once you make a start, especially if you have a bit of a mania for collecting.

"By the way," continued the host, after a short pause, "I have not shown you the paintings."

And he hadn't. There was one painting from the collection in the Royal United Service Institution, which is quite a thousand years old; and lovers of modern art can revel in the productions of such eminent masters as Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Sir John Tenniel, George Morland, George Cruikshank, Professor Herkomer, and a score of others. There are also several examples of work by Reubens, Gainsborough, Sir Peter Lely, Hogarth, Maas, Wouverman, and others. One picture, 9ft. by 7ft. 6in., depicting the Judgment Day, was for two hundred years one of the attractions in the art gallery of Lord Bacon at Shoveden Court.

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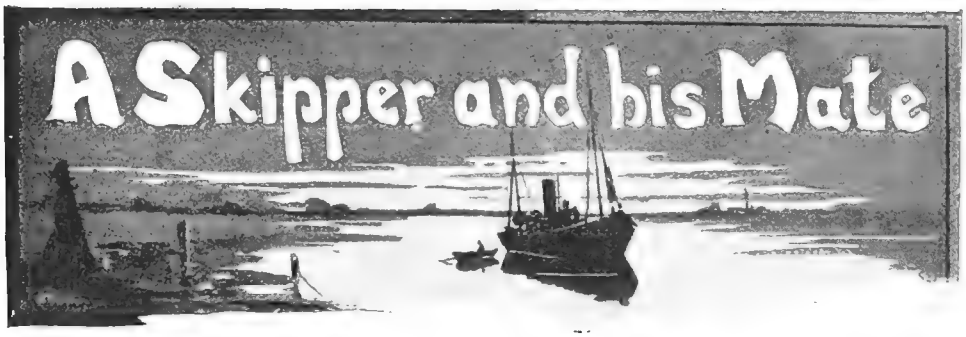

By Edward Noble.

At the foot of the village street a lane wound up the slope, leading to distant cross-roads. High and luxuriant elms shadowed the path even in daylight, but now, the last flicker had died in the far nor'-west, and the few rustic lamps only served to accentuate the solemn darkness.

Midway to the road-end, a little wooden gateway broke the symmetry of the dusty hedgerow, and led, by a winding cinder path, to a cottage standing in a partial clearing. The windows were full of light, the door open, and standing in the shadow of the rose-covered porch were two figures—the one, Joe Trigg's wife; the other, her cousin. The man held the woman firmly in his arms, and was struggling to kiss her.

"You musn't, Harvey! It's not honest!" she panted, half in fear; "If Trigg was to see you, I should die wi' shame."

"A man may kiss his cousin, surelie," he returned, still holding her fast. "'Sides, you used not to be so chary of your kisses, Mary."

"That was before I were married. You know it ain't fair now."

"Not fair—an' I love you! Not fair—an' you were promised to me! Not fair—when you know you love me, too, an' would 'a' married me if it hadn't been for yonder old fool. Lumme! give it a rest."

The girl ceased struggling, and suddenly broke into tears.

"Oh, why—did you go away? Why—why did you go away? How could I know you wanted me—you never spoke or wrote—and the time was weary waiting. Oh, why did you go away? Why—why?"

"Do you love him, Mary?" he questioned, abruptly.

"I suppose I don't," she sobbed.

"Do you love me?"

Silence and a clinging nervous touch; then a withdrawal from the circling arms. But the man held her, and was looking down into her face.

"Do you love me?" he questioned again; and now his tones rang with pleading eagerness that struck the girl with misery. "Awnser me, Mary. Do you love me?"

"You know I love you!" she replied, with sudden passion. "Would to God I didn't; then—— Oh, Harvey," she resumed, after a sudden pause, "what have I said? I can't love you, and you know it. Let me go in!"

"Aye, I'll let you go in now. You've awnsered. You've told me how it stands between us, an', so help me, I'll marry you yet!"

"That can't be," she shuddered; "I'm married."

"But he's old; he cawn't live for ever."

"And I'll be old, too, Harvey, before his time comes. Don't think of it."

"I won't," said the man; "but age don't count fer much—on the river."

"How do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" he laughed. "Nothin' 'cept what I say. The river's been known to take even young men afore their time."

The girl cowered in his arms a moment, then, looking up into his face, whispered:

"And you, too, are on the river. Oh! be careful, Harvey; be careful for my sake." And, submitting without a struggle to his caresses, she presently broke away and fled within the house.

Joe Trigg's tug, the *Atalanta*, lay silent at her moorings. The sun had set, but the western sky was still alight, and the waters stretching far back into the dim and shadowy west, trembled with touches from the lingering afterglow.

A placid night was creeping slowly in the wake of a placid September day. Scarcely

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a breath of wind ruffled the mirror-like stream, and lying within the line of mooring buoys were a score or so of barges, tugs, and coasters; all at anchor near the *Atalanta*. The smoke from their fires ascended far into the blue ether and melted softly in space. The wind-vanes, swinging lazily on truck and staff, pointed their brazen fingers to a dozen fictitious breezes. The winding river, the park, the village nestling in the lap of the Kentish hills, all lay in a wide bath of misty languor, dreamily eyeing the coming night.

And out in this silent anchorage, perched high on the *Atalanta's* bridge, sat Joe Trigg, her skipper, and the woman's husband; thinking. The light which fell upon the gleaming binnacle, fell also on him. The shadow he threw on the river's face, mingled with the shadows of mast, and hull, and funnel, and was motionless.

He was a little placid-faced man, with a grey beard, bald head, and dumpling shape; a man of some fifty years; quiet, sad-eyed, brooding; not given to heroics, or enthusiasm, or flashes of merriment. And here he sat, dreaming a strange dream, following mentally a sequence of events, and drawing conclusions.

Some hours ago he had sculled himself out to his vessel. Then there had been an accident; and now he was sitting down to think it out. His arm was in a sling, and his head bandaged. These were the outward signs of what had happened; but in his tense attitude, his quiet abstraction, his curious fashion of drawing one brawny hand, like a shutter across his face; there lurked the signals of mental anguish.

The after-glow died as the sunlight had died; someone crept through the dusk and hoisted a lantern forward. And when he had gone back to his lair in the forecastle, a long gleam of light lay trembling on the face of the tired river, in place of those wavering shadows.

An hour passed. The night was now fully come, the riverscape black and unresponsive. Except for scores of gleaming eyes piercing the darkness, nothing was visible; and until a boatman broke the solitude with the splash of oars, silence reigned unbroken.

"You mustn't, Harvey! It's not honest."

Then the skipper rose from his seat, walked steadily to the gangway, and entering a boat, was rowed quickly towards the village.

Half an hour later he stood on the threshold of his home. His wife hearing him enter, came to the kitchen to greet him; but turned deadly pale at the sight of his bandaged face and arm.

"Joe!" she cried, "not hurt again?" then paused, stung by dread.

"Aye, lass," he returned without flinching, "an' hard hit this time, too, hard hit, but not gone under."

She bustled over and helped him to a seat on the decrepit sofa, then continued at his side with nervous anxiety for his comfort.

"Don't say that, dear," she whispered, "don't 'ee say that, but tell me what has happened."

"Our boat fetched away from the davits as I was a comin' 'longside. She were right overhead. Odds were she'd come down right a top o' me; then there'd a bin a to do, eh, lass?"

"Don't 'ee laugh at me, Joe," she begged, still fussing about the hard cushions, and setting them for him to lean against; "I can't bear it. Tell me if you's hurt, an' where."

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"Hurt? Aye, a bit hurt," he replied with a sidelong glance at her golden head, bowed near his shoulder; "arm broke an' etcetera—nothin' much to w'imper about—nothin' much worth speakin' of—as you might say."

The girl cowered at his feet striving to hide her tears, whilst the old man went on slowly—

"I've bin a bit onfortenit—that's wot it is, lass; p'raps I've bin a bit more than that, but we'll let it go at that. Some chaps might a got killed. If I'd not bin spry, I'd a got killed—there's no two ways about that, Mary. Seems to me I'm off m' luck—an' yet I'm on it—fer this is the third accident I've bin mixed up in, an' yet I'm here to speak about it.

"Accordin' to wot I've heerd," he went on slowly, and apparently unheeding the crouching figure at his feet; "this one ought to a done it. It's number three, Mary. Number three's a percurious kind of a chap to get pawst; but I'm pawst it, an' nothin' more amiss than broken bones. That's wot you might call luck—but it's a wearisome kind o' luck—a'most as well be dead an' done wi' it, as masekered b' bits uz you might say."

"Don't, Joe! Don't, I can't bear it."

"Nay, lass; thou'rt not to blame."

"No, Joe;" she whispered shuddering; "and yet——"

"The fault's m' own fer growin' so cumbersome;" he continued interrupting her with decision; "If I were a bit more spry—fitter to be mate o' yours, lass, an' hadn't seeh a power o' years on m' shoulders, I'd a run pawst all this. Now it's running pawst me—an' I've got to look facts fair in the face—as a man should, lass—as a man should."

The girl buried her face in the cushions and sobbed unrestrainedly, while the skipper stroked her hair in lingering fashion with his uninjured hand. At length she looked up, and caught his sad eyes watching her intently. She brushed away her tears, and struggled to find voice.

"These acci lents," she faltered; "began—that is—your first hurt—came—soon after—Har—after Harvey—"

"After Harvey joined me as mate of the *Atalanta?*" he questioned, slowly supplying the words she found so difficult.

She nodded violently and again hid her face.

"Nay, lass," said the old man, struggling with a bantering style entirely foreign to his mode. "Nay, there's a pretty! Why will you dwell on that? It might a happened wi' any other body as mate. Wots Harvey got to do wi' it? Nothin'. Less than nothin'—in a manner o' speaking'. The fault lies in m' own keepin'. I'm gettin' on in years. I'm gettin' too old t' be Mawster of the *Atalanta*. She wants a younger hand to take chawge of her; fer a ship is werry like a woman, Mary; she wants a mawster's hand, an' w'en she an't got it; she takes the hull river fer her course, an' there's no holdin' her. An' that brings me to wot I was thinkin' of more perticular w'en I come in. Look up, lass; I want to mind you o' so'thin'."

The girl raised her face and gazed into his. The little American clock ticked vigorously on the mantel-shelf, and the light from the commonplace lamp threw a scanty ray across them. The room was very still.

"You mind, lass," the old skipper went on, thoughtfully passing his hand down his face; "that w'en we were wed, you telled me fair an' straight as you didn't love me—in a manner o' speakin'—as a wife should; that you'd had thoughts of another chap, a chap uz went away; but that bye'n bye, if so be I give you time, maybe you'd come to love me too. That's nigh on two year ago, Mary;" he continued, lingering tenderly about the words; "an' since we were wed, I've said nothin'. I've waited, thinkin' maybe you 'ud speak. But you haven't spoke, not uz yet you haven't——Wot is it, Mary?"

The girl had attempted to reply, but the words were difficult.

"Yes, Joe."

"But you will, Mary?"

"Aye, Joe—I'll try."

"Nay—don't struggle wi' it. Free an' nateral—no forcin', on a job like that. Aye or no, lass—do you love me, or, hev the chap's—coming—back—in a manner o' speakin'—made it harder to bear?"

The girl raised her head after a momentary silence.

"You want the truth, Joe?" she whispered.

"Nothin' less'll do, lass."

"Joe—you'll hate me."

A grey pallor grew on the man's face as he listened.

"That's not possible, Mary—come wot will, that's not possible."

"I've been a true wife to you, Joe;" she resumed, speaking in quick nervous gasps; "and—and I make no doubt I'll come to love you——with time I will——but—but——"

She paused faltering, and the man suggested the words—

"You find it difficult t' forget, on a job like that—is that wot you'd say, lass."

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"Our boat fetched away from the davits as I was a-comin' 'longside."

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The girl leaned forward and clasped him by the knees.

"God help me—and you, Trigg—I love him still. That's the truth;" she sobbed; "that's all the truth."

The old skipper breathed hard, but did not cease caressing the golden head bowed on his lap. They remained thus while the hands of the clock were driven noisily to half past ten. Neither moved. Further speech was unnecessary. The girl's sobs were stayed; then like a tired child, overwrought from a day's excitement, she gradually slipped back against the sofa, and fell asleep.

Then the man raised himself slowly and cautiously from his seat; took one lingering glance at the flushed face, and stole from the house.

Roses still bloomed about the sheltered porch; the garden he had attended so assiduously since his marriage was ablaze with old world flowers; the wisteria clinging about the eaves, rustled softly as he passed. He slunk quietly down the cinder-path, hugging his misery as a child hugs her toys, and seeking amidst the shadows for sympathy.

"Better fer her," he whispered, "an' better fer me." And the whispering trees swayed softly—"Better fer me."

"God help me—and you, Trigg—I love him still!"

He came into the seclusion of the avenue, and the shadows increased. The darkness matched his thoughts. A gloomy decision reigned now, where indecision had dallied so long. He had learned his lesson, and, still like a child, desired above all things to say it. He walked in silence until he came to the sea-wall.

This was the river's boundary. Beyond was oblivion. He crept to the edge, and stood looking out into the night, whilst the old panorama rolled on before him. Ships in grey, water in grey, the marshes, all in sombre grey, with moving lights like fireflies breaking the greyness. His river. The river of his youth. The river that should carry him—whither?

"Better so," he whispered again, "than to be crushed like a worm under foot."

And the river swirling swiftly past carried the whisper far and wide, and leaped and boiled, and turned to look as though it waited only for the end.

Here and away small gleams of red and green stole silently over the flood, journeying as he was journeying, to a distant haven. Across the water one beacon flashed and died with quick untiring purpose. The Ness light—how often he had looked for it—now it looked for him.

Out there in the middle-greyness, the *Atalanta* lay tugging at her moorings. A gleam from her riding lamp shone down the throbbing tide. A roar of steam leaped into the night; in half an hour he knew they must be under way. In half an hour he would be under way.

To the left, a short stretch up the bank, a skeleton pier reached out from the meadow-land. Once it had been planked and used by busy feet; now it had sunk into the obscurity of all rash adventures, and languished in poverty as a treacherous platform to a distant kingdom.

The old man walked slowly thither, crept beneath the bar, and stood beside a pile, to watch the swirling eddies.

"W'en things fall crooked," he said, speaking down into the greyness, "a man mus' seek to put 'em straight."

"But if so be he cawn't put 'em straight?"

He put this question with the air of a man

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expecting an answer, but after awhile, receiving none, he continued:—

"There's no cawn't in the Book—one way or other—he must. That's a moral."

For some moments he leaned over the framework. A surf rolled in and dashed amidst the piles. He watched until the turmoil ceased, then went back to his argument:—

"I'm in the way, y' see," he continued, explaining the matter with heavy decision; "I've bin in the way some whiles. Maybe another accident 'ud be a finisher; but I cawn't speak—fer it's her—cousin."

The river gurgled at his feet, and he leaned down to look.

"W'en a cat's in the way, wot do you do wi' her?"

He stayed to examine the silent flood.

"W'en a dawg's in the way, wot do you do wi' him?"

Still silence.

"W'en a man's in the way, wot's to be done wi' him? I ask it plain."

The river gurgled at his feet, and he leaned down to look.

"Aye, matee," he whispered, "I've got m' call, uz well, now—in a manner o' speaking—uz some other w'en. It's only a queschun—of—time—."

A swift gleam from the distant beacon swept the water, showing where it rippled amidst the grim old piles. When it died, the man crept slowly along the girder, leaned out, stared into the darkness, and ——

When next the light looked across the river, it found the skeleton pier untenanted; sleeping in the greyness, as silent as the river rolling at its feet.

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One of New York's Quaintest Characters.

By C. & J. McGorem.

The oldest "new woman" that has yet come to light is a quaint and interesting character, living in that veritable curiosity style of odd characters—the great "East side" of New York.

This woman is Mrs. Elizabeth Gill, who owns and runs a little cobbler's shop on North Moore Street—a street so narrow, so smoky and dust-begrimed, so tortuous in its innumerable turns and windings, that it seems hardly creditable that twenty-five years ago it was traversed by men of New York's most fashionable, social clique. Prominent politicians of that day, came either in their carriages, or gingerly picking their way on foot over the rough cobble stones to Mrs. Gill's little shop, to have their boots and shoes made by the only woman cobbler in the city. In those days, the shoes made by Elizabeth Gill certainly could not be surpassed—and in the opinion of her patrons—not equalled by those of any male shoemaker in New York.

From a Photo.
Mrs. Elizabeth Gill.

Mrs. Gill was then a comely widow, fair, fat and a trifle over forty, whose laughing black eyes, and cheery obliging manner, were her best advertisement with her aristocratic patrons. To-day she is an old woman of seventy, thin, stoop-shouldered—from long years of bending over her cobbler's bench—with a skin like wrinkled, yellow parchment, and trembling hands, whose unsteady fingers no longer sew riding boots and dancing pumps for New York's aristocracy, but, instead, peg heavy-soled, coarse brogans for the labouring men of her own humble neighbourhood.

Fifty years ago Elizabeth Gill was living in India, the bride of a corporal in the British army. To the little English girl from Yorkshire the strange new life in the Orient was a constant source of wonder and delight. The income that her husband drew from the army enabled the young wife to live very comfortably near the barracks in which her husband was stationed.

A few years of ideally happy life in India, then mutterings reached the ear of the young wife of threatened trouble with the natives. Then came the fearful Sepoy rebellion, whose details—too horrible to relate—are a matter of history to all of us. Sufficient to say that Mrs. Gill was one of the few Englishwomen in that part of India who escaped with their lives. This she managed to do by fleeing from her home at night disguised in a suit of her husband's clothes, lying concealed during the day, and walking, half famished, many miles at night for several nights, until she reached an English fortress where she found safety and protection.

Shortly after the Sepoy rebellion, Corporal Gill's term of enlistment expired, and failing health forbade his re-enlistment. He and his wife returned to England. There Gill, who had learned shoemaking in his youth, opened a cobbler's shop, and at his wife's solicitation taught her to assist him in his trade. The couple, finding business, however, not as profitable as they had anticipated, decided to leave England, and go to America. Consequently, in 1810, Edward Gill and his wife established a little cobbler's shop in New York on North Moore Street, then a favourite locality for boot and shoe makers, and there it has remained ever since.

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A Remarkable Story.

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It seems that a respectable family named Skinner resides at 34, High Street, Banbury, Oxon. In the summer of 1895 a son, William Skinner, now about eighteen years old, met with an accident—a heavy fall, such as might happen to anyone. Fortunately no bones were broken, and his friends naturally expected he would soon get over it. But he did not. Instead of recovering his strength he became weak and irritable. Although there was no injury calling for surgical interference, the lad's system appeared to be profoundly shaken. His appetite, previously robust, as with all healthy fellows of his age, grew poor and fitful. The attempt to build him up on food was consequently a failure. The liquid food, of which he took a limited amount, had no effect. He gained no strength from it. In spite of medical treatment young Skinner lost flesh at a frightful rate, his bones threatening to protrude through the skin.

The condition of his nerves was equally peculiar and alarming. He was constantly twitching and totally unable to sit still or to remain quiet. Bad as his experience was by day he was always worse at night. He obtained so little material sleep that the doctor was obliged to administer sleeping draughts—a course which no medical man adopts when it can be avoided. When awake, so great was the poor boy's nervousness, that he could not endure to be approached or spoken to. The very sight of him is said by the neighbours to have been a pitiable one to witness. People who called to see him out of sympathy and to offer any services they might be able to render, were of one mind; they said he could not possibly recover. Looking upon her son's deplorable and apparently hopeless state his broken-hearted mother said, "*I pray that God may take him.*"

Yet merciful death did not come to his relief. For over two years he lingered on, sometimes a trifle better, as was believed, and then relapsing into his former condition. The local doctor diagnosed the disease as St. Vitus' dance, and treated the patient for several months on that theory of the case; unhappily without good result. In view of obtaining the highest medical opinion of this mysterious affliction the lad was then taken for examination to the National Hospital, London, and afterwards admitted to the Banbury Hospital, where he remained three months, with no material improvement; the physicians' judgment being that there was no hope for him. Thus nearly a year went by.

In May, 1896, his indefatigable mother—who fought for her offspring as only mothers will—on a letter of recommendation, took the poor stricken boy to the Convalescent Home at Eastbourne, and then *again* to the National Hospital in London, with no better outcome than before. On his return home William Skinner was to all appearance a complete wreck, his mind being quite unhinged. He was tenderly replaced in bed, as much dead as alive, and there remained, virtually a breathing corpse, month after month, season after season. His inherent vitality, his unconscious hold on life, surprised all who saw him. But, plainly, the end could not be much longer delayed.

Events now bring us to September, 1897, when the unexpected happened, as it so often does. A friend of the family, Mrs. Jewell of Sibford, called. In conversation on the boy's illness she urged the immediate use of a remedy known as Mother Seigel's Syrup, telling what it had done for her husband at a time when other treatment was unavailing. On this advice Mrs. Skinner acted, taking the responsibilities upon herself. In a short time—when the sufferer's desperate state is considered—there was a marked improvement. He could eat with some relish, the food causing no distress or reaction.

Other medicines were entirely laid aside and dependence placed on this one alone; but the result justified this seemingly rash proceeding. Little by little the lad gained strength; climbing, so to speak, from the verge of the grave. As his body grew stronger his mind cleared and brightened. To the amazement of friends and physicians, in two months' time he was able to leave the house and go about. At the date of this writing, February 4, 1898, William Skinner is in robust health, and his terrible experiences of the past two years is but a fast-fading memory. His mother insists that his life was saved by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and nobody of the many who followed the case from the start is inclined to dispute her opinion.

With a frankness which does them honour several of the doctors concede the marvellous cure, and said that probably the lad's fall caused a shock which produced a profound disturbance, almost amounting to an overthrow of the digestive functions, which in turn reacted on the nerves—the *fons et origo mali* being the digestion. The remedy alluded to removed *that* at the last possible moment, and recovery followed.

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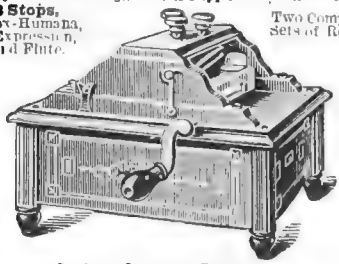

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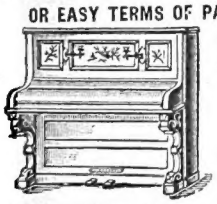

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"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

Shakespeare—Henry IV., Act 3, Scene 1.

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ON SOAP,

In relation to the Complexion.

From an Article by DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Physiology and Health under the "Combe Trust"; Editor of "Health."

"One important caution should be given, and that is concerning the use of soaps. I would strongly advise all who care for their skin to eschew the use of common soap, which simply roughens and injures the skin, and, if you will be advised by me, I would say never buy those artificially-coloured and odoriferous abominations commonly sold under the name of 'Scented' or 'Fancy Soaps,' which are frequent causes of skin eruptions. If I am prepared to recommend any one soap to you, as a satisfactory and scientifically-prepared article, I would certainly advise you to buy and use

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